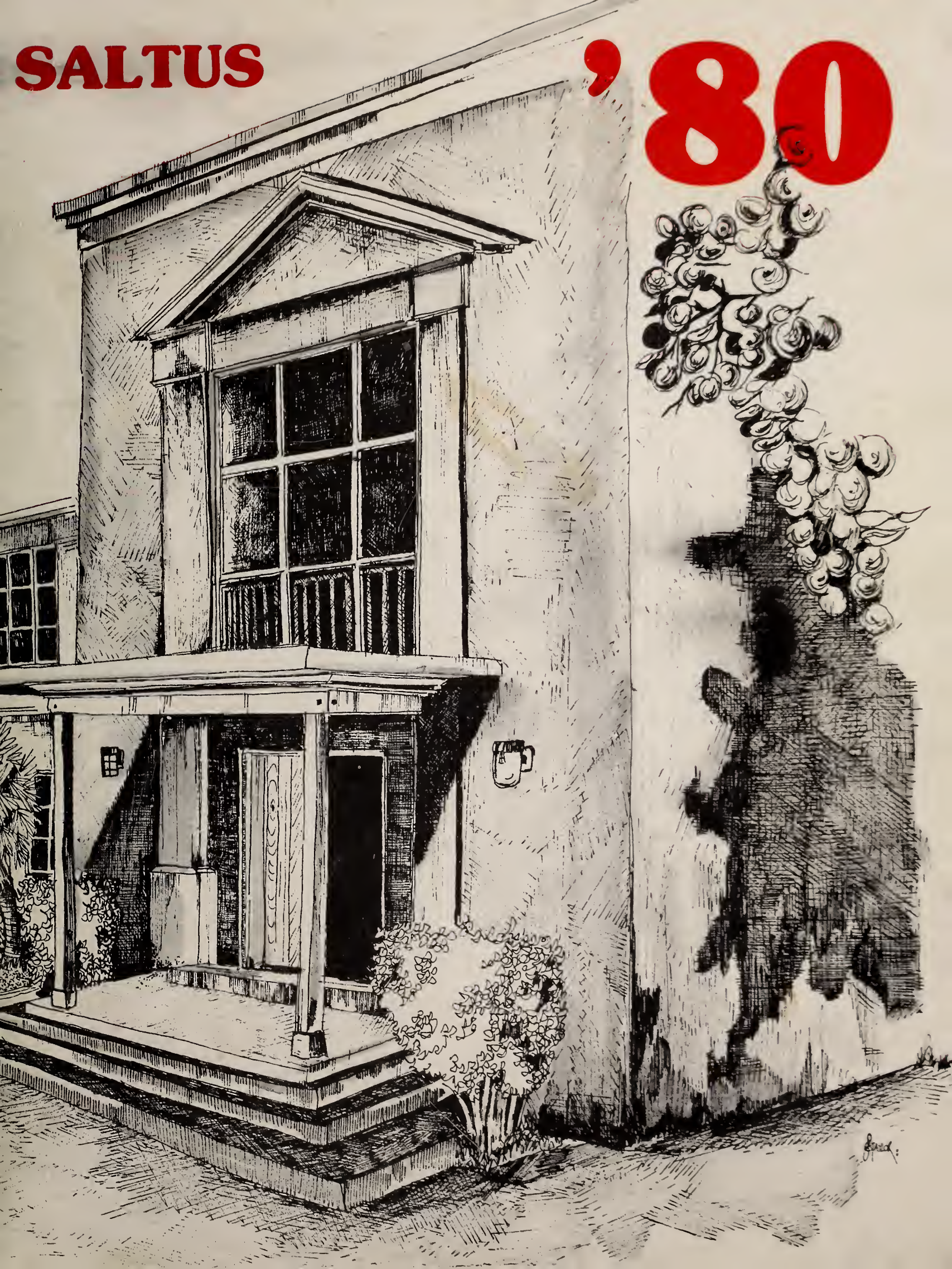
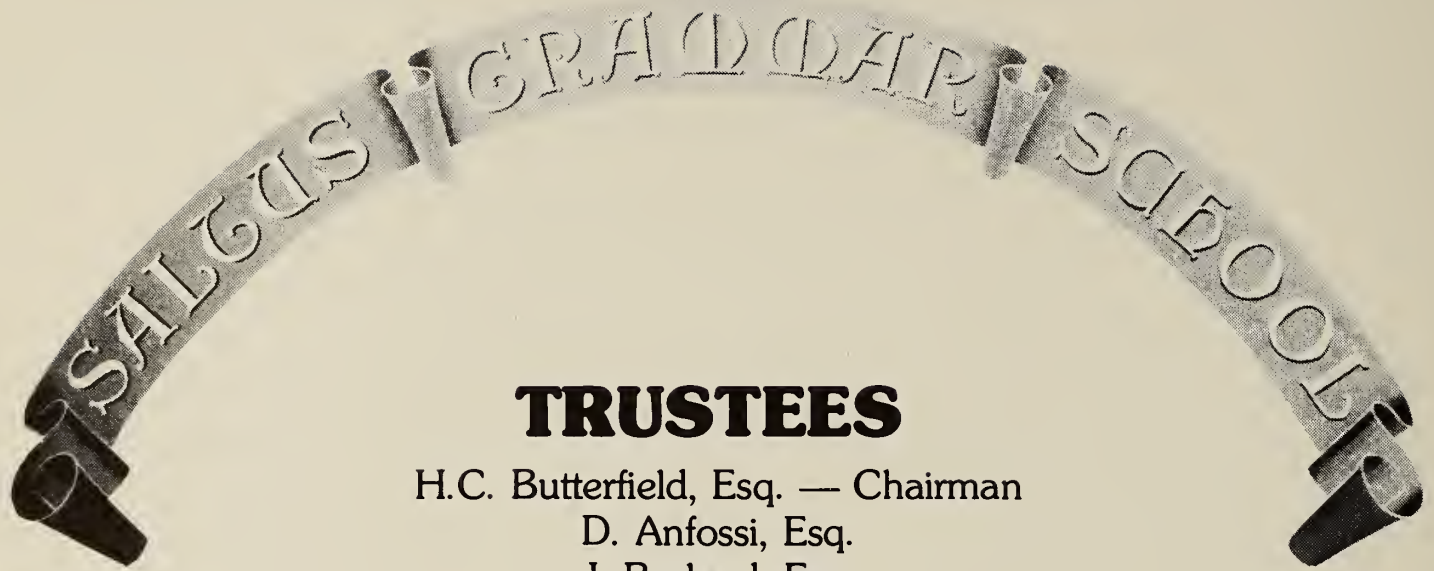


SALTUS

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SALTUS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

PEMBROKE 5-35

BERMUDA

MR. J. K. McPHEE, B.A., Dip. Ed., M.Ed.

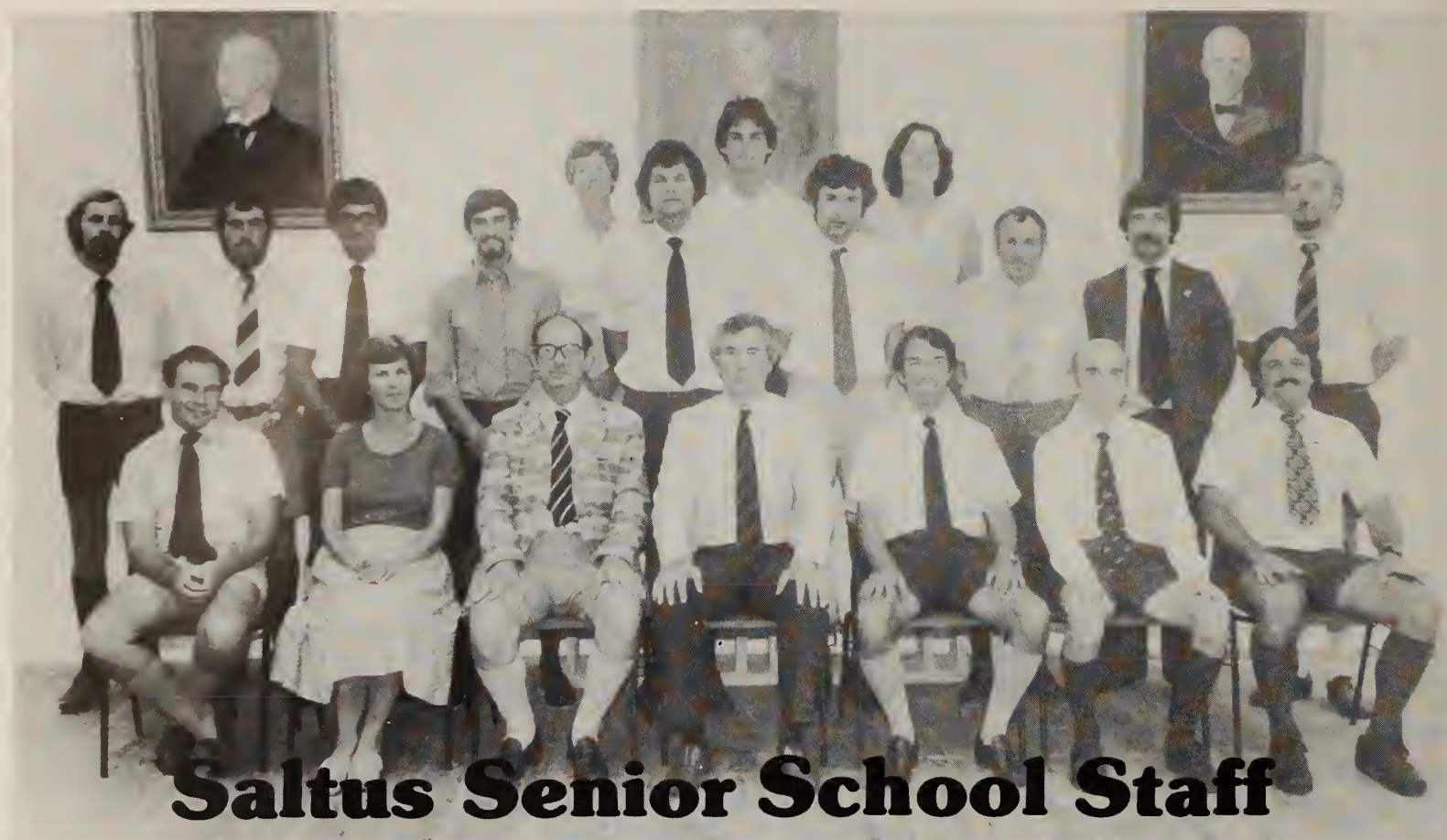
HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

During last year, declared by the United Nations to be the International Year of the Child, we often heard people speak of "Children's Rights". I would like to draw your attention to a right that is not always recognised, is seldom mentioned and often misunderstood — that is, a child's right to a disciplined life.

Proper discipline is not only a right, it is a major right of a child, yet throughout the world today we see the sad results of its decline into the permissive philosophy. Perhaps one of the reasons for the decline is that, in the minds of some adults, the word is synonymous with harshness. In a family setting some see discipline as the withdrawal of emotional and physical warmth, whilst in a school setting it is seen, in the ultimate, as the degrading indignity and humiliation of caning.

If discipline were administered without love or, in a school setting, without a true caring concern for the recipient, there might well be a degree of truth in this viewpoint. But this is not the discipline of which I speak. For me discipline is a loving, mature, positive guidance and firmness. It involves setting goals and ensuring that children achieve them, even though they may not appreciate, at that point in time, the significance of those goals and may balk against them. It means teaching them the discipline of work, constantly stretching their minds and souls just a little more so that they don't "rust unburnish'd" but "shine in use". It means in short, from our standpoint of greater maturity, teaching them to respect things they may not yet understand but without which their lives would ultimately be the poorer.

I believe, that without confident and firm guidance to inspire a climate in which learning and spiritual qualities can develop, we seriously deprive our children, stunting their mental and spiritual growth. It is their right to be given the disciplined environment which will bring them to maturity for there is no conflict between that environment and the proper growth of a child. Indeed, they are inseparable.



The Headmaster:

J.K. McPhee, B.A. Dip.Ed., M.Ed. (Centre front)

F.L. Stephenson, Esq. — Senior Master (left of centre front)

Front row: (l. to r.)

A. Pettit, Esq., M.A. (Dublin.)

Susan Swift, School Secretary.

F.L. Stephenson, Esq. — Senior Master

The Headmaster, **Mr. J.K. McPhee**, B.A., Dip.Ed., M.Ed.

C. Williams, Esq.

D. Roberts, Esq., B.Sc. (Hons.) (Birmingham)

B. Toms, Esq., B.Sc. (Hons.) (Wales)

Second row: (l. to r.)

T. Van Zwanenburg, Esq., B.A. (Hons.) (Toronto)
P.G.C.E. (London), M.A. (Waterloo)

V. Evans, Esq., Stranmillis (Belfast), B.A. (Queens)

W. Hanlon, Esq., B.A. (London and Queens)

R. Gardner, Esq., B.Ed. (Hons.) (Cambridge)

D. Harrison, Esq., B.Sc. (Hons.) (Manchester)

C. Palmer, Esq., B.A. (Hons.) (Cantab)

A. Roskilly, Esq., B.Sc. (Hons.) (London)

M. Durrant, Esq., B.A. (Hons.) (Oxon)

N. Kermode, Esq., B.A. (Hons.) (East Anglia)

Third row: (l. to r.)

Sharon Adams, School Secretary

J. Beard, Esq., B.Ed. (Hons.) (Keele)

Mrs. M. Lodge, B.Sc. (Hons.) (Swansea)

Not present:

W. Duncan, Esq., L.R.S.M.

D. Morrison, Esq., B.A. (Wales)

FAREWELL . . .

Saltus Senior School says farewell to Mr. Theo Van Zwanenburg, who is leaving us to continue his studies at Queen's University where he will be working towards a Ph.D.

. . . AND WELCOME



Mr. Van Zwanenburg's position in the Senior School English Department is to be filled by Miss Sarah Mathews, who joins us after two years teaching in Falmouth School, Falmouth, Cornwall. Miss Mathews has a Bachelor's degree in English and Drama.

We wish her good fortune in her future career at Saltus.



Senior Year 1980

Looking back over our final year of high school we find that perhaps school isn't half-bad when you've got friends to share it with ... and this year 1979-1980, has certainly seen a very close-knit group of students.

It is especially encouraging when the separate cliques — the Bee Gees and the Macho men, for example — can join forces to produce exciting beach parties and a very profitable bake sale.

This year was a very successful one academically as well. Almost everyone has decided on which college they will attend out of the many offers received. Several had their decisions made for them when early admissions were offered by Bryn Mawr, Bryant, etc.

However, the academic side of the Senior Year did not detract from the social aspects. How could we do without ...

Christen's often amusing questions.

Macky's amazing energy.

Chrissy's wit.

Doreen's smile.

Adam's hilarious antics (how can you have any pudding if you don't eat your meat?)

For us, the days have passed by so quickly, too quickly in some respects, and now more serious preparations are being made for our future schooling and careers. But we must not forget the determination — the blood, sweat and tears, that have gone into making this year successful for us all. Here, a toast to the teachers who have helped us throughout the terms to reach our goal, and special thanks to Mrs. Wendes and Mr. Durrant.

We would like to make public here our best wishes for future happiness to Mr. Durrant and Miss Terri Holmes.

Congratulations.

Susan Babensee

THE GRADUATES OF 1979-1980



Gina Allchin



Oscar Andrade



Susan Babensee



Christopher Bardgett



Elizabeth Bickley



Ian Bickley



Gepkeline Bunschoten



Mitchell Burch



Zita Coehlo



Harold Conyers



John Correia



Adam Diel



Margaret Downing



Marsha Durham



Teri Foggo



Kevin Hendrickson



Angela Joell



Benson Leitch



Julie Lobb



Jane Maddocks



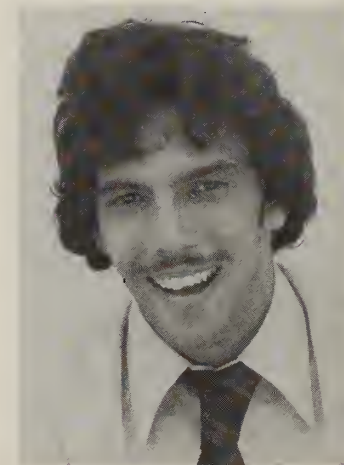
Rowan McKittrick



Brian Patterson



Catherine Peniston



Wayne Pimentel



Graham Redford



Lorraine Rosorea



Diedre Ross



Douglas Selley



Neil Sloan



Lori Smith



Nancy Lee-Smith



Susan Spershott



Nancy Stephens



Jonathan Taylor



Doreen Tucker



Robert Wilson



Kevin Winter



Christina Woods



Christen D'Arcier.
(Rotary Exchange Student)

SENIOR YEAR REPORT

Although a smaller class than last year — 41 students at the outset compared with 48 — Senior Year 1979-80 was no less successful in terms of academic attainment and social integration. The popularity and record of the Programme clearly remains unquestioned, with 80 applications for the maximum 45 places available next year despite the necessary increase in fees. With entrance requirements becoming more rigorous, it should now be apparent to all students that no-one has an automatic right to enter Senior Year and that there is no substitute for dedication and determination at the lower levels of the school.

As in previous years, Canada remains the most popular destination for further education. Ontario universities continue to acknowledge the calibre of our students by making early offers of admission to many of those who have applied. In the United States, students have been admitted on both an early and a regular decision basis at no less prestigious establishments. In addition, yet another avenue has been opened this year to Senior Year students. The Scottish University Council on Entrance has stipulated that they will accept "satisfactory performance" in Advanced Placement examinations and Scholastic Aptitude Tests — defined as a grade of 3 or higher in any two A.P.s and a minimum score of 450 in each of the verbal and mathematical portions of the SAT — as satisfying the requirements for university entrance in that country. Several English universities have followed this lead and informed us that they would be prepared to consider suitable candidates on a similar basis. Although the cost of a British higher education remains very high, it does provide an alternative for those in a position to take advantage of it.

The fact that certain students are able to proceed further, is due in part to the generous financial assistance given to Senior Year students from various sources. Although individuals, associations and companies remain very loyal in their support, the cost of a university education is not becoming cheaper. If we are to ensure that all students who need and deserve financial aid to attend university are able to receive it, a concerted effort must be made by all concerned to find funds for such a worthwhile enterprise.

In conclusion, a word of thanks must be expressed to all of those people who make Senior Year what it is — the administrators, the teachers, the office staff and — above all — the students. I am personally very grateful to Mrs. Wendes for the time and effort she has given and to Mrs. Swift who, although working behind the scenes, is an indispensable cog in what has become a well-oiled machine.

Malcolm Durrant

It Never Happened ...

Loni stayed awake for the whole day.
Toms repaid his debt of two cases to the Senior Year alcoholics.
Julie got a reply from the refrigerator.
Benson had pens for classes.
Jonny T. looked respectable at school.
Christen said "jealous" correctly.
Lobster and Cris got together.
The Christmas decorations and snow paint were removed before June.
Pudzi missed a piece of gossip.
Brian missed a chance to argue.
Laraine and Harold lost contact.
Rowan stayed for lunch.
Marsha stopped talking for a breather.
The Tragedy students all finished their essays before Fridays.
Benson typed with more than two fingers.
Gina and Marsha were early for Chemistry.

Famous quotes.

You can take me? (Christen D'Arcier)
Don't tell it to the Russians. (W. Hanlon.)
Me and Sue are the best of friends, y'know. (M. Durham.)
And now for today's menu. (D. Weller.)
Have you arranged who's bringing the beer and the chicken? (M. Durrant.)
It's one thing to be ignorant and another to stand up and shout about it. (R. Wendes.)
That's Incredible (N. Kermode.)
You know what I want ... right, Mr. Durrant? (J. Lobb.)



DRAMA

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR: NIKOLAI GOGOL



Paul Fox as the Mayor

The Government Inspector — Appreciation

I, Nikolai Gogol, took the liberty of attending this so-called performance of my masterpiece "The Government Inspector" on the third and final day of its run, Thursday 27th March 1980.

I was somewhat perturbed that I received no formal invitation to its premiere yet I was quite delighted with what I saw.

A novel idea was added to the play, in that it was supposedly taking place in Bermuda, some island in the Atlantic Ocean. The actors even spoke with Bermudian accents.

I must commend Mr. Paul Fox, the Mayor, for his excellent performance. He reproduced most accurately the strange Bermudian dialect. He was aided by a stuttering Director of Education played by Mr. David Northcott, who acted the part most commendably. Craig Harris, the supposed Government Inspector acted his role very well. He was just the type of young Englishman whom I had in mind. Yet there was one point when he was supposed to become inebriated, he acted the part so well that I actually thought that he really was drunk! Or was he?

The Bermuda High School also made a contribution of girls, or so I am

told. Miss Wendy Vickers, as the Mayor's wife acted most admirably, as did Miss Sharon Minors, a vivacious Locksmith's wife.

Though it is impossible to mention all the aspects of the play, I would like to congratulate all the actors and actresses. Their performance was of a high standard. All others involved in the production, especially Mr. Kermode, deserve much praise for their efforts.

There is still one small part that baffles me. Why was the audience so amused when the mayor raised his arm and wiped his face on his sleeve?

Nikolai Gogol

(Alias **Nancy Lee Smith**
Senior Year)

Cast of "The Government Inspector"

The Mayor — **Paul Fox**

Councillor Arthur — **David Judah**

The Director of Education —

David Northcott

The Magistrate — **Steven Shepperd**

The Young Man from the City —

Craig Harris

J.J., the Young Man's friend —

J.J. Soares

The Postmaster — **Charles Dunstan**

The Chief of Police — **Duncan Tavares**

The Mayor's Wife — **Wendy Vickers**

The Mayor's Daughter — **Helen Cooper**

Michael Trott — **Michael Nisbett**

Colin Trott — **Colin Godwin**

Merchants — **Ian Maule**

— **Brian Finnerty**

— **Richard Doughty**

A Waiter — **Scott Leman**

Helen, The Mayor's Maid —

Kerri Dickinson

The Director of Education's Wife —

Bonnie Gibbons

The Locksmith's Wife — **Sharon Minors**

The Sergeant's Wife — **Robin McPhee**

The Announcer — **Simon Marchant**

Visitors to the Mayor's House

— **John Paul Skinner**

— **Ian Bickley**

— **Russell Dey**

— **John White**

— **Christopher Bickley.**

A Police Constable — **Michael Breeze.**



The Cast of "The Government Inspector".

POET'S CORNER . . . and ARTIST'S GALLERY . . .



*Rear of St. Peter's Church,
Saint George's —
JONATHAN TAYLOR,
Senior Year.*

The Deserted Mill

I ran like a locomotive down the cowpath. Light played on the branches above me, laughing and singing, as if to mock mankind and all his folly. Gasping and gulping for breath, I ducked into a small opening in the almost impenetrable line of forest and undergrowth. Being careful not to make too much noise, I edged my way back a little, in futile hopes that I might not be found. I heard a creaking, groaning noise, rather like an old iron cart wheel turning in its axle. I whirled round to investigate and found myself in the clearing.

It had started that Friday morning. Freddie Simpson and his gang had come over to where I sat, and had started bullying me. As the leader of the gang turned to go, I kicked him in his groin. He collapsed instantly, and began to moan and squeal like a stabbed pig. Before he or anyone else could recover, I dashed off into the crowd. That afternoon I had been walking in the forest on the outskirts of town when I had stumbled across the still limping Simpson and two of his gang members, Tobs and Goysten. Immediately a chase had ensued, I running for my life with Tobs and Goysten in hot pursuit, and Simpson limping along as fast as he could in the rear. I rounded a corner with Simpson's words ringing in my ears,

"I'll get you, and when I do ...!"

The watermill lay forgotten and dilapidated in the middle of the clearing. The roof of one of its sides had long caved in. The remaining glass in the windows was cracked and shattered, as if some mischievous children had hurled stone upon stone at them. The wooden door was balanced precariously on its hinges. All that was left of the wheel was a few rotten spars of wood attached to a rusty iron axle. The stream had long since

dried up, and all that was left to show that it ever existed was a shallow trough.

Curiously, yet cautiously, I advanced towards the door. Pulling it open, I carefully stepped inside. The stench that met my nostrils was almost unrecognisable. It was the smell of rotting wood, of mould, of mildew and of flour long uneatable. On the floor lay bricks and spars of wood. Wheels, cogs, nuts and bolts lay loosely scattered around the floor. The walls were plastered with mud, and dust and various other unpleasant substances. The groaning of the walls and the whistling of the wind through the window panes rang like a church bell in my ears. Brushing away a cobweb, I turned to go, and then felt the world disappearing underneath me. Then darkness ensued.

When I recovered, I sat up and took stock of my surroundings. I had obviously fallen through the floor and was now lying in the storage room of the mill. The room was packed with bags of mouldy flour, which stank to high heaven. I heard a shuffling in one corner. I looked up and then I saw him.

His black hair was filthy and ruffled. His eyes shone out red in the darkness. He was dressed in the remains of a night-robe which was torn and muddy. He must be the lunatic who had recently escaped from a mental hospital on the outskirts of town, I thought. He was said to be dangerous and all had been advised to stay away from him. He growled menacingly and picked up a stick. With all of my remaining strength I jumped up, pulled myself through the hole and onto the floor above. I then dashed out of the door and across the clearing. I burst through the bushes and into the cow-path. Right into the hands of Simpson!

Peter Garrod 1M



Portrait by LORI SMITH,
Senior Year.

The Mongolian Doll

O Mongolian Doll,
Time will never take toll on those
Creamy porcelain cheeks.
Your gleeful, ink-black eyes,
Do they hold a surprise?
Your amber skin, are you the kin
Of a god?
You have such a fragile frame
That none of us would maim.
O mongolian doll, reveal the secrets
from within,
And keep your soul free from sin.

David Kendell 1M.

And now the time is over
our spot in the light finished
we are forgotten
Pushed to the side as those
whose lives have been.
Examples of success are noted,
Acknowledged, recorded,
yet we are forgotten
So we strive to be remembered
in archives hereafter
a written word, a faded picture
But those who follow never look
for we are forgotten.
Our lives are examples
of unworthiness. Our
supreme efforts, leaving us exhausted and broken
are thanked with a nod, a glance, then dismissed.
Our miseries uncommiserated, our joys unsustained
for we are forgotten.
As knowledge comes with misery
surely we have suffered.
Yea but the greatest misery of all
is watching those who follow
stumbling, falling, sinking into the
same pitfalls that have plagued us
since our origin. But we cannot counsel
as we are forgotten.
Now our time is come
we stand judged and damned to live
damned by a scrap of foolscap, wiped from
the annals of time.
We bow our heads in prayer
and are forgotten.

Horst Finkbeiner & Dag Jørstad



Indian's Head by ROWAN McKITTRICK, Senior Year.

The Stalking

The cougar was moving cautiously through the bushes, taking unmatched care in order to move without a noise. She crept at a steady pace, only broken when any sound met her sensitive ears, eyeing her target at all times. She stopped behind a tree; the approach was made difficult by a clearing. She would go around it.

About fifty metres away the cougar's target could be seen. It was a large plump grouse, about three pounds in weight. He was most definitely the largest in the whole covey, and therefore probably its leader. He was continually glancing around himself, looking for any predators that might be around, but, because of her great camouflage, he never caught a glimpse of the cougar.

The cougar began moving around the clearing with the speed that her agility enabled her, while staying as quiet as a shadow. Her eye was kept on the grouse while she was moving, but at every tree and bush she would stop and check the area around her with her keen eyesight, looking for any animal which would be likely to send a warning, signal throughout the wood on sight of her. Within one minute she was only ten metres from her target.

A jay suddenly flew overhead and she went stiff and unmoving until the jay had flown well out of sight. This interruption of her stalking made her suddenly realise that dusk was gradually falling with the speed of the minute hand on a clock. This indicated to her that she must move quickly, for in a short while the grouses would fly to the tops of the trees for the night. She moved on to within two metres of the enormous grouse, hidden behind a bush. Her muscles tensed and she got into position ready to spring.

The grouse suddenly received a strange feeling, as though a predator was very near and ready to spring. He became very nervous and began to glance around in all possible directions. For a better view he decided to fly to the lowest branch on the tree right next to him.

When the cougar saw him start flying upwards she thought he had decided to go to sleep and she took a flying leap for him and hitting him squarely in mid-air she landed in the middle of the covey. The other grouse immediately flew upwards into the trees, leaving the killing below them.

The cougar walked off into the distance back to her cave with the grouse in her powerful jaws, blood dripping from the lifeless form.

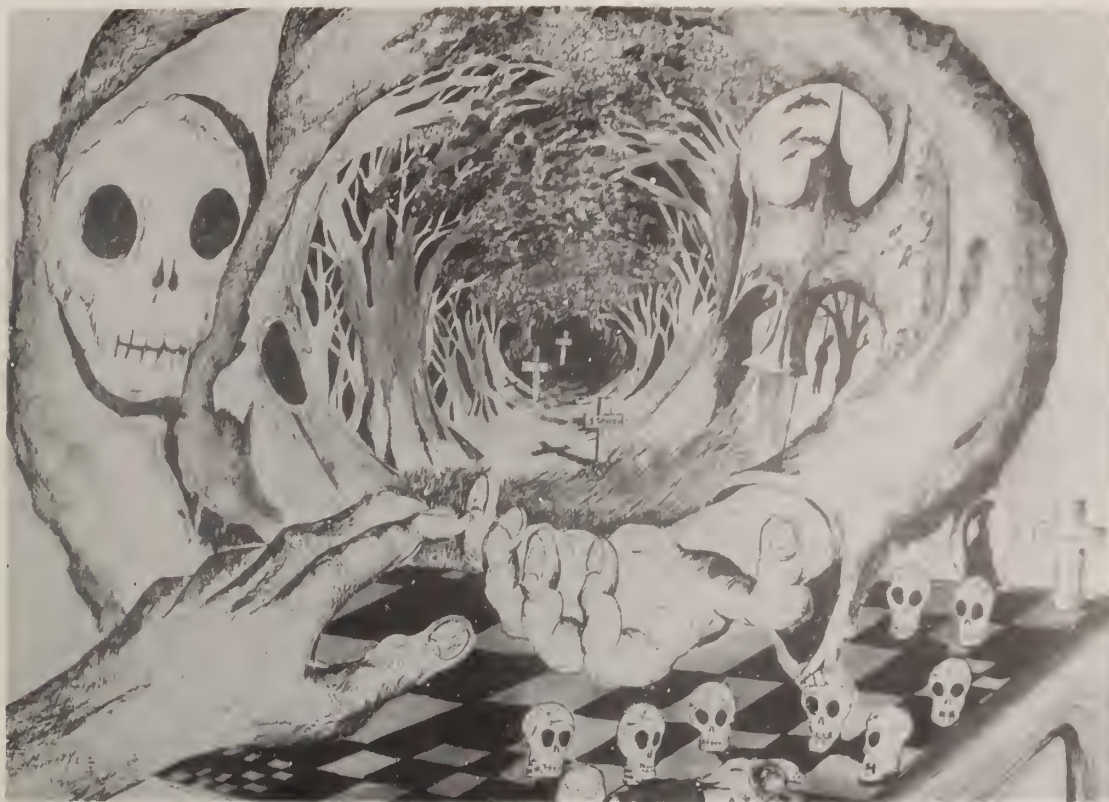
1M



*Study of a Cedar Tree by
JONATHAN TAYLOR, Senior Year.*



by MARGARET DOWNING, Senior Year.



The Chess Game
by JONATHAN TAYLOR,
Senior Year.

'A view, to a death . . .'

The Mask

Chanting Voodoo, growling
terror,
claws slashing at the murdered
woman.
The ferocious jaws clamped onto
the already
bloody and bruised flesh,
The two great marks on the
carnivorous beast
Must have meant something at
least.

It had all started on the quiet dark
night,
When the moon sprung out the
magic began.
The werewolf transformed and
soon was on the run
Haunting, killing people with his
great hairy claws.
Then at a shot he made a pause
Looking at the hunter with eyes of
lead.
The shot fired, he fell ... dead.
Slow but sure he went, and
howled
to his descent.



The Grim Reaper —
NIGEL HENDRICKSON, 5H

Night Stalker of Bau Forest.

Night had fallen in Bau Forest. Usha the wind had brought the scent of Kong Ulu's pack of wild dogs so most animals were hiding in the shelter of the dark forest.

She peered over the cliff into the river valley. The Kri river flowed steadily all year round providing all the animals with water. An injured gnu plodded along the river bank, stumbling from time to time and occasionally staring at its shadow in the water.

Her ears lay flat and her body was still as she looked at the gnu. Suddenly the gnu looked up to the top of the cliff. There Siho stood, tall and slender, silhouetted against the night sky. The gnu looked down and continued its journey of death.

Siho had decided on her prey. She climbed steadily down the cliff and sniffed the scent of the gnu. Siho knew she would have to hurry for the gnu had started to run. She slithered through the grass like a snake and came out on the bank of the Kri. Then she stared down the bank trying to catch sight of the gnu again. She knew it would be a difficult catch because an angry gnu was a good and dangerous fighter.

Siho could not see the gnu but she followed the strong scent of it. She now realized that the gnu had stopped but she could not tell whether it was lying down or had turned to attack.

Her steps became more quiet. She crouched down, looked carefully and wove her way stealthily through the thick undergrowth. Then she jumped up a rubber tree and looked down with gleaming eyes. The gnu looked up and saw the leopard's eyes which shone like two torches resting on a branch.

With great pain, the gnu snorted and bucked the ground. Siho arched her lithe body, growled and sprang. Within a split second she was on the gnu's back. The gnu snorted and growled and rolled on its back trying to throw the leopard off. But she held on, digging her claws into the gnu's back. The gnu now tried to hit the leopard off with its swinging horns. They hit once just nicking Siho in her chest. This just made the strong leopard even more fierce. Now was Siho's chance. She bit on the back of the gnu's neck. Her large jaw just about surrounded the neck of her prey.

Soon, the old gnu gave one last struggle. He fell on the hard ground and wriggled a little and took his final breath. The queen of the jungle had won!

Alexander Hunter 1M.



Fisherman by ROWAN McKITTRICK, Senior Year.

The struggle for food

The bobcat had a strong urge of motherhood that was upon her. She must find meat. Walking into the thicket she spied a ptarmigan not 100 yards away. She crouched swiftly down.

The ptarmigan was strutting around intent itself on finding food among the dirt that it was scratching up beneath its feet.

The bobcat worked its way through the dense undergrowth of the thicket, intent upon the bird. Five minutes passed. Ten. All the time the bobcat was creeping forward, its beady eyes glinting with hunger upon the doomed bird. The bobcat was suddenly seized with an excited frenzy which she tried to restrain. Her mouth was drooling, involuntarily, excited by the meat that was spreading itself like a repast before her.

The bobcat's tail was rigid with excitement. Her ears were up and her stub of a tail was straight and quivering behind her. In that instant the bobcat struck.

The lithe body sprang swiftly through the air. A paw with rigid claws curving like talons shot under the tender belly and came back with a swift slicing movement. The bird made a desperate attempt to escape but it was almost ripped in half and was bleeding profusely.

The bird squaked in pain and scuttled across the bracken trying to rise in the air. The bobcat, though, was not one to give up and her fangs then crunched through the tender flesh and the fragile bones. The bobcat strutted out of the thicket and ate her prey. Once again she was on the rampage to find food for her cubs.

David Kendall 1M.



Fish by HAROLD CONYERS, Senior Year.



Study from 'The Dance of Death'
by GEORGE DANIELS, 4V

Trap!

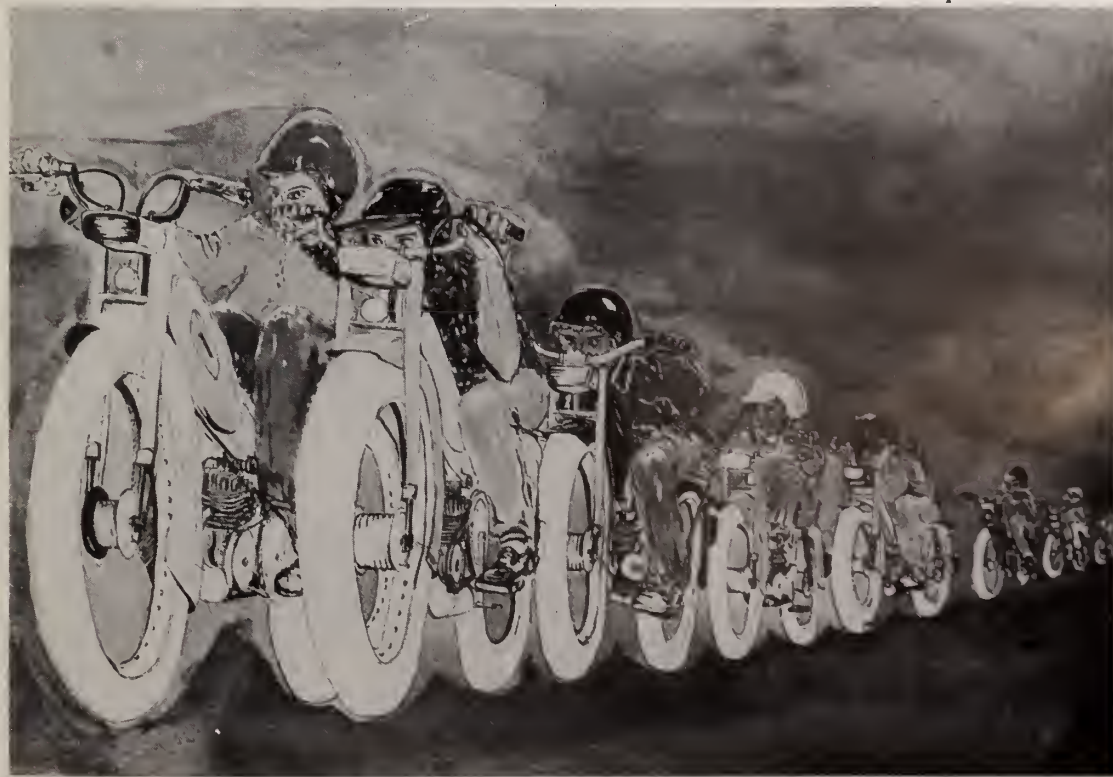
The bog was deathly quiet that night as the three young men huddled in the low hut a few miles outside the tiny town of Formay. To them and the old turf digger, who every evening dug a wheelbarrow full of turf, the animal noises were inaudible but to the man standing just inside the town's gates, the frogs and crickets were deafening The town pub and inn, Biddy's Pub, and run by the seventy year old woman herself, was doing fair business. Three men were playing cards in the corner, another two were drinking, half-asleep at the bar. While two younger men were flirting with a group of girls in another corner. The proprietor, Bridgid Kelly, or Biddy as she was called, was sitting behind a private screen saying her rosary as she did every morning and night..

...The moon was rising and soon would be high in the sky. The man walked out through the gates and along the rough road 'till he came to the track leading off to the left. He walked along for several minutes until he came to the edge of the bog through which only a thin dirt track led. He sat on his haunches to keep low and removed the bulge from his jacket. Silently he loaded his automatic and waited ...

... The three men still huddled on the hut's dirt floor, suddenly amidst a flurry of hurriedly spoken words from one, another stood up and from a corner of the darkness lifted up a bundle of small branches and carried them to the middle of the room. The three men then burst into activity and set about constructing the three wigwam-shaped frames which slanted in towards the centre. In the middle of these three frames the remaining sticks were placed and set fire to. To the townspeople this little fire would be inconspicuous but to a professional it would be an obvious clue. The trap was set ...

...The man started up as he saw the distant light. He followed the path quickly but silently as the flickering flames grew nearer. He was a hundred feet from the turf hut when he stumbled over a fallen tree and dropped to his knee. There was no movement from inside the hut but still the man waited for a minute until he was sure. He moved forward now with cat-like stealth until he reached the hut. Still there was no movement. He edged round to the front of the hut and burst through the paper-thin door tearing apart the cloak-covered wooden frames with his gunfire. The other three men rushed from the brush and fired into the hut at the silhouetted assassin's figure as it crumpled to the floor ...

Patrick Bryan 4K.



Pack Racing —
ROWAN McKITTRICK,
Senior Year.



Morning by HAROLD CONYERS, Senior Year

She crouches when coming upon the clearing. Her soft paws make no noise. Her body stiffens and she licks her soft lips and glares at her prey, a bird. She springs with great strength and speed like a javelin thrown in an Olympic sport. She jumps with her body stiff and swarms in one continuous movement. She misses. A fluttering ball of feathers streaks towards the sky and another of fur plummets down. An amusing view.

An amusing view which I alone share, that is, except the cat and the bird

Anthony Cannonier. 1M

The lightning bolt seemed to appear out of nowhere and plummets towards earth like a hawk which has spotted its prey. It knifed through the huge drops of rain and it seemed as if it would keep on going for-ever when it struck an enormous dead oak-tree, which looked like a gnarled old man. The oak-tree burst into flames and like a huge beacon shed light on the things which were going on around it.

The huge trees around the oak were being whipped back and forth as the wind tore through the forest. Leaves and branches were being hurtled through the air like small twigs, and the rain was falling to the ground in great masses.

Somewhere in the dark of the night it was thundering and the continual booming was ringing through the cold night air, like an immense voice howling in pain or great rage. The night was now blacker than ever, and all the animals that lived in the forest were hiding in what shelter they could find, from the one awe-inspiring power which they acknowledged as supreme.

Just then there was another blinding flash of light, and then one of the enormous trees which made up the forest teetered for a few breath-taking moments, and then crashed amongst its fellows with a grinding crack which signified that its trunk had just been ripped apart.

Then with deafening roars the elements unleashed their pent anger. The rain seemed intent on crushing the grass into a pulp, as it violently hammered against the ground, and like a fantastically large cannon the thunder's roars seemed to shake the very ground itself. The storm looked as though it would go on for-ever with its present maniacal fury, when the thunder gave a final crescendo of sound and the wind blew a last gust of air.

And then Nature's powers which were more savage and destructive than any others on earth, stopped for the moment, and the damage which they had wreaked was revealed in a silvery beam of light from the moon overhead.

Nicholas Glynn 1M



Ballerina by LISA QUINN, Senior Year



Portrait by LORI SMITH, Senior Year

The Storm

Lightning struck at night's black curtain,
 Creeping o'er the darkening sky
 Wild mares pranced their hooves the thunder,
 Rainclouds flying, darting by.
 All about the upturned leaves,
 Of hunch-backed trees,
 Received their blows.

Flash! it struck with force and splendour,
 Icing on the water burned.
 Two small faces at the window,
 Expressed the thoughts of fear and awe.
 Enthroned in clouds the furious Thor,
 Rent the battered clouds
 In two.

John Paul Skinner. 2P

A journey downstream

I floated down the small stream, paying attention only to its gurgling. This beautiful sound was suddenly knocked from my thoughts as I hit a rock in the stream and my movement totally stopped for a few seconds. I was swung free from the rock by the current and continued on my journey downstream.

The following hour of my journey was interrupted twenty times by rocks and once, for about ten minutes, by a boy.

In case you are wondering who I am and where I came from, I will tell you. Unfortunately, I cannot answer the first question for a stick has no name. For the second question I can give you quite a simple answer. About eight miles upstream from where I am now (stuck behind another rock!) there is an old beaver pond; it was from there that my journey started. I had been one of the top sticks on the dam and had not become waterlogged. A couple of hours ago, my part of the dam collapsed and I started my journey, at first with many other sticks. Eventually they either became water-logged, got into faster water or got stuck.

After a couple of minutes, I was freed from the rock and continued downstream, soon to make a friend. He was a fine Coke bottle, who had been carelessly thrown into a river by a boy. I met him by freeing him from behind a rock. We were alike in two ways, if not more. Firstly we were both floating to wherever the stream took us and secondly we were both without names ...

Roland Lines. 1M.



Battlestar Gallactica by NIGEL HENDRICKSON, 5H

MUSIC REPORT 1979/80



Once again, it has been a busy year for the musicians in the school. At Christmas, the School Choir joined with the choir of St. John's plus numerous parents and friends to produce "Carols for All". The accompaniment was provided by a much improved brass ensemble, supported by Jean Motyer at the organ. Both Choir and audience sang with enthusiasm and conviction and there were some thrilling moments indeed. My thanks to Mr. Kermode for choosing some new and exciting readings.

The Band Camp and Concert were upon us at the start of the Summer term and much was accomplished in these two consecutive weekends, not least the raising of almost \$1,000 for new instruments.

The Concert itself showed what can be done with hard work, and even the last movement of Dvorak's New World Symphony did not defeat the band. To our guest soloist and accompanist, Jean Motyer, another, yet sincere, word of thanks.

The Saltus Concert Society presented three recitals this year, all of a notably high standard. To Mrs. Jean Glass who has been a first-rate soloist in these concerts a word of praise and thanks. We are indeed sorry to see her leave, not only as a performer but as a teacher also.

The School Orchestra, drawn from both the Junior and Senior Departments, continues to go from strength to strength under the direction of Mrs. Marjorie Pettit, and in a concert in March there was indeed some fine playing, particularly from some of the younger boys.

It is good to see a number of our boys playing in the Bermuda Youth Orchestra. I hope more will join in September.

This year's examination results in music were quite respectable though I would like to see more passes with Merit and Distinction. At the risk of sounding like a broken-down gramophone record I must repeat the magic word — practice. To date no-one has provided us with a suitable alternative!

Thanks are due to so many people that it would be impossible to list them all but to Mrs. Pettit I must repeat my words of gratitude for her continuing support from organising a highly successful choir to performing at the Saltus Concert Society, to playing the horn in Band.

Thanks also to Messrs. Van Wie, Pitman, Lopes, Morrison, Frith and Mrs. A. Davis for their teaching and playing and to Sue Judah for the mammoth task of organising the domestic and catering side of the Band Camp.

W. Duncan



"Bigger!"

RESULTS OF THE PRACTICAL EXAMINATIONS OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC 1979/80

GRADE 7

L. Rosorea — Violin with Distinction

GRADE 6

D. Judah — Piano with Merit
J. Evans — Piano
J. Johnston — Trombone
R. Amos — Flute
J.J. Soares — Trumpet
R. Morbey — Trumpet
M. Bacon — Trumpet

GRADE 5

R. Dunn — Violoncello with Merit
R. Smith — Violin
I. Maule — Horn
T. McKittrick — Viola
B. Finnerty — Flute
D. Swift — Flute
K. Marcoe — Flute
D. Mulholland — Clarinet
J. P. Skinner — Piano
M. Fretwurst — Piano

GRADE 4

R. Stubbs — Violoncello with Distinction.
J. Hayward — Euphonium with Merit
J. P. Skinner — Violin
D. Fitch — Flute
M. Cave — Clarinet
S. Pearse — Trombone

GRADE 3

S. Ross — Violoncello
J. Mason — Piano with Merit
E. Marchais — Piano with Merit
L. McKittrick — Violin with Merit
J. Williams — Violin

C. Smith — Violin
N. Dyson — Violin
G. Brangman — Flute
J. Mason — Violin

GRADE 2

E. Jackson — Piano with Merit
R. DeSilva — Violin
R. Dunn — Piano

GRADE 1

C. Bryan — Piano with Merit

THEORY RESULTS 1979/80

Distinction only awarded in Grades 6-8

GRADE 8

L. Rosorea with Distinction
G. Redford
K. Hendrickson

GRADE 7

D. Judah
R. McKittrick

GRADE 6

J.P. Skinner
R. Dunn
D. Swift
D. Fitch
J. J. Soares
R. Amos
N. Soares
J. Evans
N. Hendrickson

GRADE 5

N. Ball
M. Cave
R. Morbey
J. Johnston
J. Williams
T. McKittrick
R. Stubbs
R. Soares
E. Jackson
E. Marchais
M. Bacon

GRADE 4

I. Maule
R. Smith
M. Fretwurst
S. McMaster
B. Finnerty
M. Hall
K. Marcoe
N. Glynn
R. Desilva
S. Ross

GRADE 3

G. Brangman
A. McClay
C. Bryan
T. Dunstan
M. Roberts
M. Jeffrey
S. Marchant
B. Rosorea
L. McKittrick

GRADE 2

I. Gilbert
P. Barrett

GRADE 1

R. Dey
C. Smith



Clarinets concentrating hard.



A veritable pile of brass!



And now the flutes.

GOLF

Golf is not the game for anyone who expects sudden success and instant, low scoring. Perhaps this is the biggest problem we have to overcome with boys and parents. The boy who is easily discouraged by minor setbacks will not do well at Golf. Parents who expect their children to be good enough to enter international tournaments within a few terms of their taking up the game, will be disappointed.



Billy Paterson, Chris Marshall, Andrew Stratford & Andrew Whalley — Chipping Practice

Unlike other sports, which often show quick results in progress and in which a talented, well coordinated child can achieve a good standard quite quickly, Golf is a game of steady, sometimes embarrassingly slow progress. It is a game to be



Last Minute advice before the Merit Award Skill Tests.

Golf Merit Awards for 1979-1980

Stage 1. Green Badge: Skills and Rules. Peter Brown, Grant Forbes, Chris Marshall, Billy Paterson.

Stage 2. Yellow Badge: Rules and Handicap of 30 or better. Andrew Babensee, Stephen Cullimore, Jonathan Ingham, David Kendall, David Mocklow, Brian Morris.

Stage 3. Red Badge: Advanced Rules and Handicap of 24 or better. Ian Bickley, Steven Babensee, Timmy Brewer, James Mason, Brian Rosorea, David Swift.

Congratulations and best wishes to Steven Babensee and James Mason who have been selected to represent Bermuda in the Junior World Golf Championships, to be held in San Diego this Summer.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

enjoyed and offers a wonderful opportunity for a child to develop qualities of self reliance, patience, self control, determination and common good manners of sportsmanship. The fact that many of our boys are developing these worthwhile qualities is gratifying. Those who have practised with dedication are now reaping the benefits of their efforts in lowered scores and improved handicaps. Scoring barriers have been broken. For the first time, some boys are breaking 100, 90 or 80 — and that surely, shows progress. It must be stressed, however, that speed of progress is a very personal thing. Good Golf is not, as some think, the result of luck, or even just talent. Really good Golf is the result of a combination of things — the child's ability, his understanding of the basic skills and techniques, hard work and dedication!

If the success of a Golf Programme can be measured by the growth of interest of children and parents, the boys' keen participation in organised B.G.A. tournaments and the improvement of overall standards, then we must consider this to be our most successful year yet. For this — we thank all those involved — parents and students.

Senior School Champions:

Dunkley Bowl — Low Gross

— Ian Bickley

Handicap Shield — Low Net

— Benson Leitch.

Under 13 Shield — Brian Morris.

Junior School Champions:

Low Gross — Jonathan Ingham

Low Net — Timmy Brewer.



Ian Bickley — Dunkley Bowl, Low Gross winner.



SPORTS

SENIOR SCHOOL SPORTS REPORT 1980

Success in sport can be judged in many ways. If our year is looked at with regard to the number of trophies won, then it can only be regarded as a moderately successful year. We won the swimming championship, the senior rugby, all age groups at Whitney 7's; were second in the badminton tournament, second in the Chaffee basketball tournament, and second in the volleyball league.

If on the other hand success of a sports programme involves the number of participants, and the number of activities for those participants, then we have had a very successful year.

Boys have participated at inter-mural, inter-house, inter-school and national level in the sports mentioned above, and in many others. Hopefully, because of this, the majority of the boys will find an activity that they can continue after leaving school.

The Haygarth Gymnasium has proved invaluable in many ways. It is an excellent teaching facility, it has improved our standard of play at indoor sports, and is an excellent competitive or casual recreation area (on the occasional day when there is no scheduled activity in the gym, upwards of 40 boys have come in for scratch games of 2 v 2 basketball, volleyball and table tennis).

Over 86% of the boys in the school have been actively involved in the school's sports programme, and possibly the best way to view the inter-school and inter-house efforts is a sport-by-sport breakdown. Before doing this though it is perhaps noteworthy that this year has seen an increase in the number of Old Boys v School activities. These have been thoroughly enjoyed by all who took part, results being as follows: Soccer, won by the School; Basketball, won by the Old Boys; Cricket, won by the Old Boys; 4 x 100 relay, won by the Old Boys; Volleyball won by the Old Boys.

SOCCER

1st X1

With only 3 of last year's Squad remaining (a number that was subsequently reduced when Gary Perry fell victim to pneumonia), the boys had to work hard to obtain a workable understanding.

It is to the players' credit that, facing physical disadvantages against many teams, they persevered and produced a good standard of football. Unfortunately, this was not always transferred into goals, and too many games were lost by the odd-goal.

The best performance of the season was the 4-1 defeat of Sandys Secondary in the quarter final of the Cup, having lost 0-1 to them in the League.

Final statistics do not show "close" games. Nevertheless, for the statisticians amongst you:

Played 10,

Won 2, Drew 2, Lost 6,

Goals for 17,

Goals against 20.

This season's Captain was Christopher Bardgett, who is to be congratulated on doing an excellent job.

Colours Awarded: E. Pascoe, D. Stovell,
R. Ramirez, G. Pitcher,
C. Wright, D. Moniz,
G. Daniels, D. Mocklow,
C. Brown, V. Chares.

Re-Awarded: C. Bardgett, J. Amaral.

Bardgett, Pitcher and Wayne Campbell (who was too old to play this season) all represented Bermuda at schoolboy level during their tour of England.

Juniors

This young and physically small side showed tremendous effort and enthusiasm. I am sure that as they grow in stature the lessons learnt this season will leave them in good stead for future years.

P 7 W 1 D 2 L 4

Intermediates

Not as good a season as was hoped for. Despite playing well in patches, they let themselves down through lack of application at times. Hopefully, they have learnt the importance of this and can go from this to show their true potential.

P 11 W 2 D 1 L 8.

Inter-House

The highly competitive inter-House tournament continues to produce games of a good standard. The Senior competition was won by Saltus, who defeated Darrell; the Junior competition was won by Darrell who pushed Watlington into second place.



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back row: J. Beard (Coach), Pascoe, Chaves, Stovell, McHarg,
Ramirez, Brown, Wright.
Front row: Daniels, Pitcher, Bardgett, Mocklow, Amaral.



INTERMEDIATE SOCCER TEAM

Back row: Lema, Breeze, Smith 5, Dickinson, Williams, Clift,
Pearce.
Front row: Kempe, Symons, Boyle, Harvey, Bean,
Brown, Mouchette.
Coach, Mr. M. Durrant.



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back row: Morris, O'Brien, Mansi, Dunn, Turner, Amott,
Swan, Farias, Clift
Front row: Dey, Morbey, Chew, Chambers,
Skinner, Stubbs, Mason.
Coach, Mr. D. Morrison.

BASKETBALL



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Wilson, Burch, Mocklow, Bardgett, McLean.

Front row: McKittrick, Wright, Pimentel, Perry.

Coach, Mr. J. Beard.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back row: Breeze, Dickinson, Scaff, Williams, Clift.

Front row: Wilson, Harvey, Chaves, Boyle.

Coach, Mr. J. Beard.

Juniors

A very pleasing season. Due to a few inconsistent performances, results were not as good as they could have been. Nevertheless, a good basis has been formed here that can only improve in future years.

Results: P 9 W 5 L 4

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION continues to improve. This year's Senior Title was won by Saltus, with Darrell in second place, as was the Junior competition.

Seniors

A very exciting season in which our standard of play reached a new high — although results would, perhaps, not seem to bear this out. An early season rugby injury to point-scoring Benson Leitch set the team back a little, but through hard work they proved they were a force to be reckoned with.

Undoubtedly the high point of the season was reaching the final of the Chaffee Tournament. On the way to the Final we defeated Roger B. Chaffee High School; the first time this has been achieved at Senior level. Despite losing narrowly to Whitney in the final, the team is to be congratulated on playing some very good basketball.

It is noteworthy that at the Chaffee tournament John McLean was voted Best Offensive Player of the competition.

Mackie Wilson is to be congratulated on another excellent season as captain of the basketball team.

Results (including tournament): P 13 W 7 L 6



Loren Wilson in action.

VOLLEYBALL

Senior

A very successful season. Although once again we were unable to overcome our old adversary M.S.A., the team produced a very high standard of play that was commented on by many. They finished second in the League and second in the Tournament, losing only one game in each.

Results (including Tournament): P 8 W 6 L 2

One "B" team game took place. This was against M.S.A. and gave us some measure of revenge, as we won 3 games to 0.

Junior

Considering few of the team had ever played volleyball before, this was a very encouraging season. The team is to be commended for the way they quickly adapted to the game, and for their willingness to learn.

P 10 W 7 L 3.

Inter-House

At Senior Level Saltus, Darrell and Watlington all finished with similar records and due to the pressure of exams it was decided to leave it as such.

At Junior Level there was again a three-way tie, this time between Saltus, Darrell and Butterfield. There being more time for play-offs, Darrell eventually emerged as victors.



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back row: Clift, Williams, Chaves.

Front row: Moniz, Boyle, Harvey, Lalami.



SENIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM

From left to right - McKittrick, Moniz, Tolaram, Pimentel, Perry, Mocklow, Wilson, Dunstan, McLean, Bardgett.
Coach, J. Beard.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Inter-School

Overall, a fairly good showing by Saltus, our best individual being Greg Scaff, who won the Intermediate Division.

Inter-House

Senior: 1st Watlington, 2nd Darrell, 3rd Saltus, 4th Butterfield.

Inter: 1st Darrell, 2nd Saltus, 3rd Watlington, 4th Butterfield.

Junior: 1st Butterfield, 2nd Darrell, 3rd Watlington,
4th Saltus.

Individual

Senior: 1st M. Wilson (24:37.94), 2nd D. Stovell,
3rd C. Bardgett.

Inter.: 1st S. Joblin (19:47.7), 2nd G. Scaff, 3rd P. Marsh.

Junior: 1st M. Zanall (11:50.53), 2nd R. Lines,
3rd J. Mason.

All times are new School records.

CRICKET



SENIOR CRICKET TEAM

Back row: Pascoe, Campbell, Amaral, Scott,
Coach, Mr. C. Palmer.

Front row: Stovell, Parsons, Pitcher, Bickley, Chaves



JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

Back row: Lindo, Dias, Swan, Brown, Van Beelen.

Front row: Babensee, Farias, Pitcher, Boyle, Amott, Morris.

Coach, Mr. D. Harrison.



After an indifferent start to the season, the 1st XI improved their performances to record victories over St. Georges and Northlands, and come very close to defeating Whitney.

The batting was held together by Pascoe and Pitcher, both of whom made 50's during the course of what has become a short season. Campbell and Chaves also turned in useful scores.

Campbell's all-round performance against Whitney (his 5 overs cost 7 runs, and his 40 runs came in only 7 overs) was impressive though disappointly not supported by better bowling and fielding.

This was rather the story of the season — useful individual performances lacked all-round support from the rest of the side.

George Pitcher is to be commended for his mature job as captain. Both he and Campbell played for the East Select.

The Collins Award to the most improved cricketer went to Vincent Chaves.

Played 7 Won 2 Lost 5.

Colours: Chaves, McKittrick, Andrade, Amaral, G. Daniels, Stovell.

Re-awarded: Pitcher, Pascoe, Campbell, Parsons.

Junior XI

Although starting with a tremendous handicap of lack of cricket experience, they have come on in leaps and bounds. Their enthusiasm and thirst for the game should soon make itself seen in their skill level. They would seem to have a bright future. Captain Chris Swan turned in some very useful performances, and the bowling of Roger Amott shows particular promise.

The new indoor nets in the gym have been useful, particularly with the younger players, and have made practising a more enjoyable and productive occupation. Increased use of these facilities will raise standards at a time when cricket has to compete with numerous other sporting activities.

RUGBY

For the first time since its inception, Saltus won the Senior 15-a-side League quite convincingly, finishing undefeated at the end of the season. As expected, M.S.A. provided the toughest opposition, Saltus winning two of their three encounters, the other being a nil-nil draw. Saltus imposed heavy defeats upon Warwick Academy, the last game ending in a 38-nil drubbing of Warwick. It was a pleasing season's performance by all the players, especially the younger players in the 4th Form, namely Grenville Lines, Scott Leman and Richard Amos. The only disappointment was the fact that a team photograph did not take place because a few older members of the team refused to return their rugby jerseys on time, which is rather sad for the rest of the team.

Junior Rugby continues to flourish at Saltus. The mini-rugby (9-a-side) teams did well in their respective leagues, although Warwick Academy were eventual winners. There is certainly a strong interest in the younger players. Unfortunately, the limited involvement shown by the majority of Bermuda's Secondary Schools has not helped the development of the sport of the island.

Whitney Seven's — The first Clean Sweep

Special mention must be made of the fact that Saltus became the first school to win all three age groups since the competition began in 1961. The U-13 team showed their running and handling skills in defeating a much fancied Whitney 'A' team 6-nil in the semi-final and Warwick Academy in the final by 8 points to 4. The U-15's were the next Saltus finalists after defeating M.S.A. and Whitney in earlier rounds. The final was fairly one-sided, with Saltus using speed and strength to defeat Warwick Academy 4-nil, although the score tells the wrong story. The U-17 team had an easy path to the final, defeating M.S.A. 18-nil. The Senior 'B' Team, were beaten by Whitney 20-nil in the semi-final and looked strong favourites to win. Saltus 'A' Team, with a lot more experience, defeated the fit Whitney team 10-nil in the final with some fine display of tackling and handling. Congratulations to all Saltus teams who took part.

Finally, my thanks go to the other members of staff who coached and gave of their free time throughout the season, namely Messrs. Vaughn Evans and David Harrison.

BRIAN TOMS



JUNIOR 7's TEAM

Back row: Amott, Stubbs, Jackson, Morbey, Turner, Swan.
Front row: Young, Klein, Dunn. Coach, Vaughn Evans.



INTERMEDIATE 7's TEAM

Back row: Breeze, Scaff, Dickinson, Joblin, Lines.
Front row: Bailey, Way, Hodgson. Coach, B. Toms.



SENIOR 7's TEAM

Back row: Tolaram, Patterson, Bardgett, McLean, Stovell.
Front row: Ball, McHarg, McKittrick. Coach, Mr. B. Toms.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back row: Swan, Turner, Van Beelen, Soares, Cooper, Fitch, Young, Jackson, Hamill, Cullimore. Front row: Delafontaine, Fisher, Stubbs, Dunn, Klein, Ryall, McKittrick, Lotherington. Coach, Mr. V. Evans & Mr. D. Harrison.



Victory!

SWIMMING

We again dominated the Boys section, winning the competition with a 46 point margin between us and second-placed Warwick Academy.

	Under 13	Under 15	Over 15
Backstroke:	1st Mansi	1st Joblin	1st George Scaff
Breastroke:	1st Morbey	1st Greg Scaff	2nd Amos
Butterfly:	1st Amott	1st Joblin	1st Amos
Free:	1st Amott	2nd Greg Scaff	1st George Scaff
Relay:	1st	1st	1st
Medley:	1st	1st	1st

Mark Mansi represented Bermuda in the Caribbean Championship in Puerto Rico.

SWIMMING CLUB

Back row: Scaff, Maule, Mocklow, Ball, Joblin.
Front row: Morbey, Mansi, Young, Patterson, Amos, Hamill.

The school cross-country races were won by Marco Zanol (Junior), Stuart Joblin (Intermediate), and 'Mackie' Wilson (Senior).

At the Inter-Schools Cross-Country Gregg Scaff won the Intermediate individual title and the Senior Team came second.

On Sports Day, Marco Zanol and Roland Lines produced a very exciting 1500 metre race with Roland eventually coming out as victor. Earlier, Marco won the 3,000 metre race, setting a new school record for his age group.

Many of the club, including Robert Jones, have also taken part in races held at the week-ends and we were represented in both the Sun Life 10K and the May 24th Marathon Derby.

ALAN ROSKILLY

RUNNING CLUB

Left to right: Marchais, Lines, Marchant, Soares, Marsh, Zanol, Ryall.

Coach: Mr. A. Roskilly

RUNNING CLUB

In recent years running has increased in popularity and is now enjoyed by a large cross section of the community. The aim of the Running Club at Saltus is to provide the opportunity for anyone who enjoys running to run in a non-competitive atmosphere. However, many of the runners have found that regular training has been helpful in competing in school matches and other events.

Two members, Jeffrey Ryall and Phillip Marsh, reached an accumulated total of fifty miles earlier this year and will shortly be getting their 100 mile running vests. Both represented the school in several cross-country matches against Berkeley and Northlands.



Phillip Marsh well on his way to his 100 mile vest.



Lines and Zanol in competition.



Klein and Mansi.

TRACK & FIELD

A promising year, punctuated by one or two notable successes. Romano Ramirez represented Bermuda at the CARIFTA Games, and gained a bronze medal in the Pole Vault.

At a triangular meet Saltus defeated Northlands and Berkeley. At the inter-school meet, the following were successful in the finals:

	<u>Junior</u>	<u>Inter</u>
400m	Scaff 3rd	
800m	Scaff 3rd	
1500m	Zanol 5th Lines 6th	Joblin 1st
3000m		
Pole Vault		Patterson 1st
High jump	Swan 5th	
Long Jump	Morbey 5th	
Triple Jump	Morbey 5th	
Discus		
Shot		Dickinson 4th
Javelin	Mulholland 4th	

Senior

Over 17

400m		
800m	Stovell 5th	
1500m		
3000m	Scaff 5th	
Pole Vault	Ramirez 1st Wright 3rd	M. Wilson 1st Patterson 2nd
High Jump	Smith 4th Wright 5th	
Long Jump	Ramirez 2nd Bardgett 6th	
Triple Jump	Ramirez 3rd Bardgett 5th	
Discus	McLean 4th	
Shot		
Javelin		

Sports Day was again very successful, thanks to the organization by the staff, and the highly competitive attitude of the athletes. The competition went right down to the final relay, which Saltus won, and so pipped Watlington by just ½ point.

Junior Champion: Chris Swan

Intermediate Champion: Robert Dickinson

Victor Lodorum: Romano Ramirez

Senior Year: Mackie Wilson



David Fitch in the shot putt.



Andrew Diaz goes the distance!



A near thing between Bardgett and Ramirez.



Romano Ramirez, Victor Ludorum.



A marginal victory by Senior Year in the Tug 'o' war!



Con Fortza!



Who's watching the starter?



A determined Mark Mansi.



Dynamic as ever!



What's up, chum?

Sports Day Results

Junior

100 metres :	Morbey (B) 14.05
200 metres :	Swan (W) 29.85
400 metres :	Farias (B) 67.6
800 metres :	Amott (W) 2.40.3
1500 metres :	R. Lines (S) 5.11.76
3000 metres :	Zanol (W) 11.31.0*
Pole Vault :	Chew (S) 1.55
Long Jump :	Morbey (B) 4.42
Triple Jump :	Amott (W) 9.23
High Jump :	Swan (W) 1.35
Discus :	Stubbs (B) 22.10
Javelin :	Morris (S) 20.6
Shot Putt :	C. Smith (S) 7.51
Relay :	Watlington 57.71



John Paul Skinner and Corin Smith in a tight finish.



Mackie making it look so very easy!

Intermediate

100 metres :	Dickinson (D) 12.64
200 metres :	Dickinson (D) 26.85
400 metres :	Scaff 2 (W) 59.69
800 metres :	Scaff 2 (W) 2.19.87
1500 metres :	Scaff 2 (W) 4.59.14
3000 metres :	Joblin (S) 11.03.8
Pole Vault :	Patterson 3 (D) 1.95
Long Jump :	Dickinson (D) 5.14
Triple Jump :	Williams (W) 11.12
High Jump :	Mutcke (B) 1.50
Discus :	Dias (S) 26.40
Javelin :	Breeze (S) 38.9
Shot Putt :	Dickinson (D) 9.70
Relay :	Saltus 52.45



Victory for Dickinson.

Senior

100 metres :	Ramirez (B) 12.11
200 metres :	Ramirez (B) 25.36
400 metres :	Stovell (W) 56.06
800 metres :	Wilson (D) 2.16.84
1500 metres :	Wilson (D) 4.55.19
3000 metres :	Wilson (D) 10.25
Pole Vault :	Patterson (D) 3.15
Long Jump :	Bardgett (S) 6.08
Triple Jump :	Ramirez (B) 11.96
High Jump :	Smith 2 (W) 1.70*
Discus :	McLean (D) 34.08
Javelin :	Pitcher (W) 43.7
Shot Putt :	Smith 2 (W) 10.81*
Relay :	Saltus 48.80



The Flop!

CLUBS

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme:



Back Row: Leman, Fretwurst, Gray.
Middle Row: Aubrey, Patterson, Talbot, Brown.
Front Row: Stanton, Benevides, Finnerty, Tolaram, Bryan.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme at Saltus.

Congratulations must go to Rowan McKittrick who this year becomes the first Saltus boy to complete his Gold Award, which he will receive at the same time as an old boy of the school, Michael Anfossi. This determination in seeing the programme through to a successful conclusion is an example of the kind of attitude which the scheme seeks to foster; it is to his credit that out of the twenty or so boys who began their Bronze Award at the same time as him, Rowan is the only one to have reached the Gold Level.

Sailing:



Back Row: Marchant, Fretwurst, Benevides, Finnerty, Fitch.
Front Row: Skinner, Brandson, Roberts.

Sailing Club Report

Sailing at Saltus this year has seen a certain amount of progress along with several setbacks.

The school has benefitted greatly from the acquisition of two Lasers — the first received as a very generous gift from Mr. James Masters, an old boy of the school; the second purchased with funds raised by 20 sailors of varying abilities who took part in a sponsored sail around the harbour and the Great Sound.

Steven Shepperd and Mark Fretwurst have been instrumental in the promotion of Laser sailing within the school, and the need now is for more boys to come out at weekends and to



'Thar's gold in them thar Catskills!'

Others are now following Rowan's lead, and during the month of July a group of 5 Gold Award hopefuls went to New York's Catskill Mountains to complete their four day, sixty mile hike. Carrying their temporary homes on their backs, Jonathan Gray, Steel Butz, Scott Leman, Robert Gringley and David Stanton braved the heat, rattlesnake infested forests and vampire-like mosquitoes to explore some of the most beautiful country of the American North-East.

At the Bronze and Silver levels, many boys have been quietly "doing their thing", from fire-fighting to Scuba Diving, from life saving to Speleology; in the spirit of the scheme itself, it is those willing to take the initiative and "get on with the job" — both to learn new skills and develop their own interests — who will derive benefit and satisfaction from participation in such activities, and by thus contributing to their own lives, they can later contribute in full measure to society at large.

R.H.G.

sail these exciting boats in competitive racing: then perhaps we can see about enlarging our Laser "fleet".

Patrick Bryan, Simon Marchant and David Fitch are also promising helmsmen who are gradually acquiring the many skills involved in competitive racing. Several other boys have come out again to make use of the club's four Optimist dinghies, and some of this year's beginners have made good progress, notably a determined Mathew Roberts.

We are still actively seeking a more satisfactory location for our boats and equipment, (preferably under cover), and any suggestions in this respect would be welcome.

R.H.G.



Chess:



Ross deep in thought.

Chess Club Report

The 1979-80 season of the Saltus Chess Club has had its strengths and its weaknesses. The membership of 30 or so has been drawn more than usual from the first

and second forms. This has its drawbacks as it means that the majority lack experience at present. However novices will soon learn if they are prepared to stay with the club.

This year's president has been Philip Ray who has made a considerable contribution to holding the club together. Rarely has there been a day when he has not been in attendance to supervise games and to help younger members. John Johnston aided him as treasurer.

The Christmas term was the most successful of the three with a hard fought Round Robin Competition which was eventually won by newcomer Adam Kassab with 41 pts, closely followed by Johnston with 40. Mark Cave (38) had led for most of the contest and it was unfortunate that he was just pipped at the post in the final rounds. It was good to see so many matches played from all the possible combinations.

Perhaps because Mr. Pettit's time was rather at a premium, there was less organised activity in the spring. However the summer brought more response. This was probably because of an offer by Mr Derek Harris, Secretary of the Bermuda Chess Association and one of the two best players on the island, to come and coach the club. He has been with us every Wednesday, usually playing a dozen people at the same time — I believe with only one loss!

So we have a good foundation for next year when I hope even more interest will be evinced. Not so long ago there were nine secondary schools with clubs in Bermuda. At present there are only three. There is definitely room for improvement.



Mr. Derek Harris, Secretary of the Bermuda Chess Association takes on club members.



Photography:

Former art teacher, Mr. Stephen Masters left behind him a strong nucleus of boys who were interested in photography. Following his lead it was decided to run the photography club on the following lines:

A \$15 levy was imposed to cover the cost of replacing chemicals and photographic paper. Twelve boys became paid-up members so that they could have the privilege of using the dark-room at lunch-time or after school. A further five boys were non-paying members either because they had access to other dark-rooms or because they were simply interested in learning by attending the occasional lecture or visit.

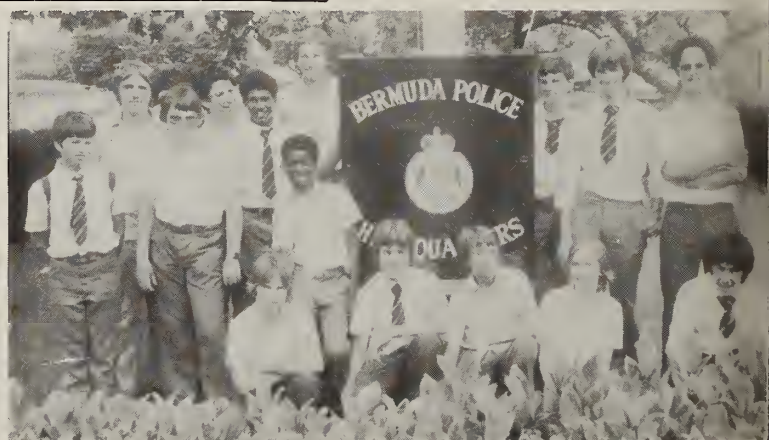
Beside providing dark-room facilities for those boys who already knew how to enlarge and develop films, a series of informal classes and lectures were held on Friday afternoons. A lot of practical teaching was done by the more experienced club members.

To help broaden the boys' understanding of photography, two professional photographers were invited to come to the school to talk about their work. Mr. Peter Moran showed us his black and white photographs taken with his big view camera and Mr. Graeme Outerbridge gave a very colourful slide show on the theme of photography being an art form.

In contrast to these formal lectures, the final event of the year was a visit to the Police Photography lab. at Prospect. Here we saw the practical and very important work done by the Police Photography Unit. Detective Constable Ernest McCreight gave a very full guided tour and had all of us green with envy over the quality of equipment that the Bermuda Police Department has available.

On a final note, mention should be made here of the success achieved by Peter Aldrich, Alistair Stewart and James Guishard in the photographic competition titled, "Bermuda as seen through the eyes of a child." This was run in connection with the International Year of the Child.

V. Evans



*Standing, left to right: Jeffreys, Butz, Collier, McMaster, Welch, Robinson, D.C. McCreight, Aldrich, Finnerty, Tolaram
Kneeling at front: Mello, DeSilva, Pitt, Peers, Kassab.*



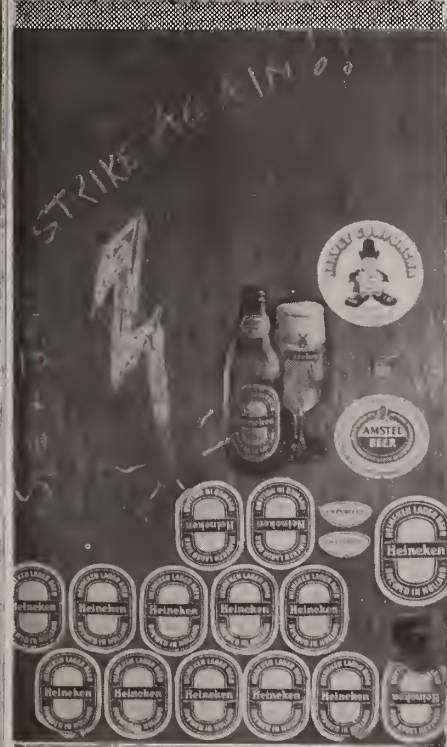
"Why can't we have equipment like this, Mr. Evans?"



Whichever way you look at it . . .

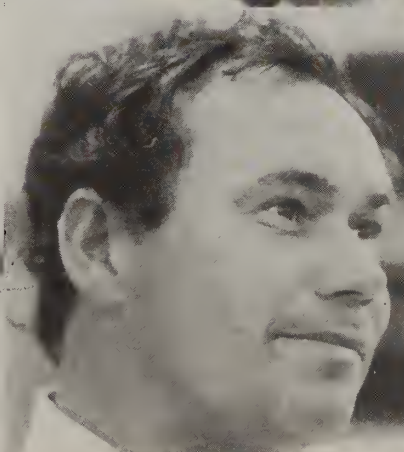
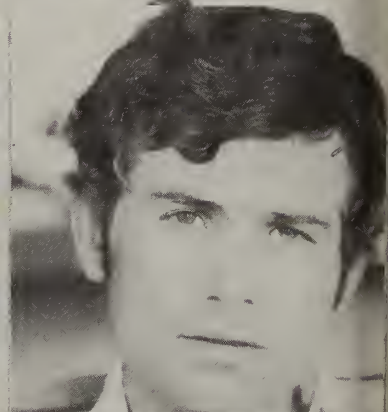
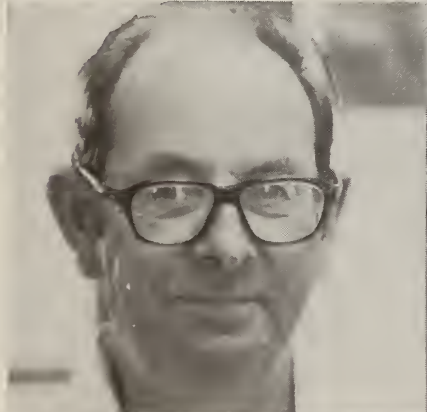
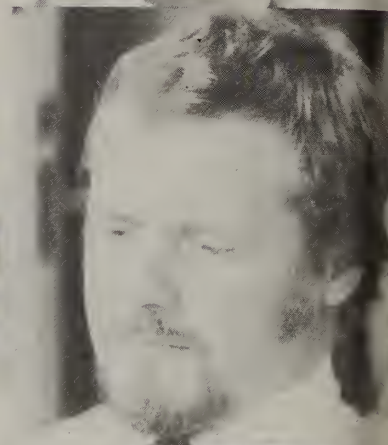


it's SALTUS !



“Lovely Boys! (and Girl)”

B. Toms (not shown)



Photographs by
DAVID MORRISON
(above)



Junior School Staff

Miss E. M. Wilkie Head of Department

On the highest Bough **Mr. M. Beasely,**

Second Row, left to right: **Mrs. L. Williams.**

Mr. P. Lever,

Mr. J. McEwan,

Mr. R. Stones, B.Sc. (Bradford)

First Row, Left to right: **Mrs. J. Zuill**

Miss M. Armstrong

Mrs. K. Walker

Mrs. M. Pettit Dip. Mus. Ed., R.S.A.M., L.R.S.M.

Mrs. K. Latter.

In Front:

Miss E. M. Wilkie.



Junior School House Captains 1979-1980

Butterfield	<i>Capt. Kirkland Hamill</i>	Saltus	<i>Capt. Andrew Clarke</i>
	<i>Vice Capt. Marco Montarsolo.</i>		<i>Vice Capt. Timmy Brewer</i>
Darrell	<i>Capt. Jamie Munro.</i>	Watlington	<i>Capt. Patrick Dill</i>
	<i>Vice Capt. Adrian Fusinaz.</i>		<i>Vice Capt. Joseph de Silva.</i>



Junior School Monitors 1979-1980

Head Teacher's Monitor — *Christopher Edwards*
 Assistant Monitor — *Ian Mackie.*

Class Monitors: *Andrew Clarke, Joseph DeSilva, Adrian Fusinaz, Andrew Mackay, Jamie Munro, Devrae Noel-Simmons, Alex Waldron, Blythe Walker.*

Duty Monitors: *Courtland Boyle, Timmy Brewer, Nicholas Dill, Kirkland Hamill, Graeme Hunter, Jonathan Ingham, Gregory Lovell, Timothy Mahoney, Andrew McPhee, Julian Rochfort, Dirk Scheland, Jimmy Skinner.*

THREE CHEERS for our CLASS MOTHERS and the SALTUS ASSOCIATION!



JUNIOR SCHOOL CLASS MOTHERS 1979-1980

This year, the Class Mothers asked if the proceeds of their many fund-raising activities within the Junior School could not be channelled toward the purchase of a specific item needed by the Junior School.

A much-needed spirit-duplicator having already been donated by the Saltus Association, the next greatest need was for ceiling fans in each of the hot and airless classrooms.

Thanks to the keenness and hard work of the Class Mothers, the willing support of other parents and students, and, in particular, an outstandingly generous donation by the Saltus Association, the Class Mothers have presented the Junior School with ceiling fans in every room.

At the time of going to print, we are looking forward, for the first time, to a bearably cool Prize Day.

Our gratitude to all concerned.

CLASS MOTHERS 1979-1980

Co-ordinator of Activities,
Mrs. J. Skinner

J7: Mrs. Hamill, Mrs. Rochfort, Mrs. Scheland, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Young.

J6: Mrs. J. Cooper, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Lorenz, Mrs. Smith (Mrs. Griffiths*)

J5: Mrs. Brandson, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. MacIntyre, (Mrs. Fecchio*)

J4: Mrs. Adams, Mrs. J. Davidson, Mrs. Drew, Mrs. Parradine, Mrs. Simmons.

*left during the year

One afternoon after Science we walked into our classroom and much to our surprise and delight workmen were drilling holes in the ceiling and walls. We were going to be the first class in school to have a pair of ceiling fans. Hurray!

Jeffrey Freeman

The sight that met our eyes was wonderful. One three winged fan was already up and there was a man on a step ladder fixing the other. One man was attending to some coiled wire and another drilling out room for the switch. Boxes of equipment were everywhere. There was a bag of bolts on my desk.

Julian Wilkinson

The class mothers ought to get gold medals for their kindness.

Dudley Thomas

The Class Mothers made \$2000, but we needed \$3000, so the Saltus Association gave \$1000 to install the fans. I thank the Saltus Association for this money, and the Class Mothers for being so kind.

Paul Moniz

I'd like to express my gratitude to the parents who worked so hard for the fans to be bought and installed.

Ben Judah

We appreciate the hard work the class mothers put in for us to have this luxury. They have made money for the fans by selling doughnuts, sandwiches and chicken lunches from which we benefit — and so do our stomachs!

John Menfe

We can sit back comfortably in our chairs on a hot day and do our school work without worrying about being hot and sticky. Sometimes when I look up at the electric fans while they are whirring away it makes me think that the whole classroom is being taken up by a huge helicopter.

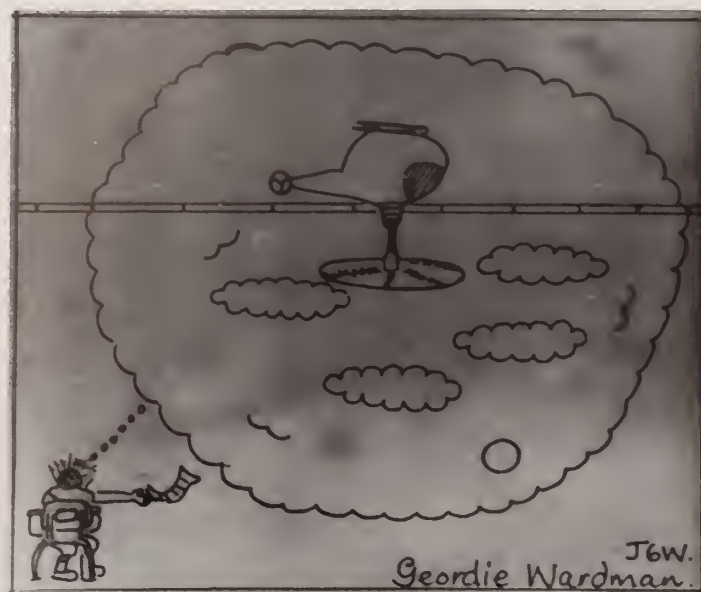
Derek Joaquin

Everyone is relieved when Mrs. Williams turns them on!

Scott Amos

Apart from the minor worry that the fan above me might fall on my head, I am delighted with them!

Julian Wilkinson



Cartoon by GEORDIE WARDMAN J6W.

MUSIC REPORT, 1979/80



*Brass and
Woodwind 1980.*

Saltus Junior School Report

This has been a very busy year for the music department.

We began our activities immediately school started in September with preparations for the Christmas production "Follow The Star", directed by Mr. Ron Stones. It was a very lively show with an unusual interpretation of the Nativity, and altogether, a most worthwhile project. Musically I would like to thank Mrs. Davis (flute), Mr. Meredith (guitar) and Michael Bishop (drums), who accompanied us on this occasion.

1980 was a record year for theory passes, and I was very pleased with the ninety five candidates who successfully gained certificates (Grade I-V).

Practical examinations were good as far as piano, brass and woodwind were concerned, but the string entries seemed weaker than in previous years. Hopefully this will be remedied after the summer holiday with renewed interest and hard work.

Thanks to all extra-curricular teachers who contributed to our successes. Much praise, as far as the woodwind entries are concerned, must certainly go to Antoinette Davis, who gave up much of her own valuable time for extra tuition. Mrs. Davis, incidentally, has become a tremendous asset to the school

generally, since she coaches woodwind groups in the Junior School, and helps in the organisation and teaching of the newly formed school orchestra. Our orchestra this year has comprised, for the first time, players from both junior and senior departments. With Mr. Duncan's assistance, we have performed in two concerts given by the Bermuda Chamber Music Society.

We are very sorry to lose Jean Glass, who has taught in the school and has played for us on many occasions during her four year stay in Bermuda. She is a violinist of rare quality and a fine teacher who will be difficult to replace. We all wish her well in her new life with her husband Adrian and, their, as yet, unborn offspring. The baby is due in a few months.

Hopefully our instrumental programme will continue to accelerate with the interest and support of student, teacher and parent. Much depends on the talent and hard work on the part of the child, good teaching, plus organisation and help at home. Saltus parents have never been lacking in the latter. Long may it continue!

Thank you all for your support and cooperation.

Marjorie Pettit

Music Results: Examinations of Associated Board of The Royal Schools of Music

Theory of Music

GRADE I

Bradfield Adderley
Jason Bento
Matthew Brewer
Roy Brooke
John Buchanan
Stephen Caton
Tom Chasser
James Davis
Michael G. Davis
Richard Davis
Patrick Dill
Sean Dunleavy
Christopher Edwards
Graham Foster
Jeffrey Freeman
Carter Frith
Myles Gibbons
John Glynn

Robert Hall
Wesley Harrison
Michael Hind
James Holland
Brian Huxley
Jonathon Ingham
Carter Lorenz
Gregory Lovell
Ian Mackie
Timothy Mahoney
Christopher Marshall
Craig McIntyre
Andrew McPhee
Brian Mello
Zachory Moniz
Craig Morbey
David Mutch
Nicholas New
Geoffrey Parker

Robert Petty
Jonathon Rego
Stephen Robinson
Julian Rochfort
Dirk Scheland
David Shadbolt
Blair Simmons
Jimmy Skinner
Billy Smith
Miguel Triay
Ian Truran
Alex Waldron
Ian Walker
Geordie Wardman
Anthony Warren
Christian Wheddon
Shorn Young
Stephen Young
Andre Zanol

GRADE II

Andrew Bissell
Iain Brackstone
Christopher Brandon
Gregory Cave
Andrew Clarke
Jonathon Cooper
David Crooke
Drew Douglas
Peter Durhager
Adrian Fusinaz
Kevin Gunther
Norman Hodson
George Jones
Jason Jones
John Logan
Paul Moniz
Andrew Munro
Billy Patterson
Andrew Pettit
Guy Roberts
James Young

GRADE III

Henry Adderley
Scott Amos
Michael A. E. Davis
Andrew Griffiths
Richard Hammond
Bruce Lattyak
Kevin Mayall
John Menge
Marco Montarsolo
Scott Simmons
Julian Wilkinson

GRADE IV

Kenneth Dallas
Graeme Hunter

GRADE V

Patrick Cooper
Benjamin Judah
Dudley Thomas

Practical Examinations:

PIANOFORTE

GRADE I

Christopher Branelson (Distinction)
Kenneth Dallas (Merit)
Graeme Hunter (Merit)

GRADE II

Adrian Fusinaz (pass)
Scott Simmons (pass)

GRADE III

Patrick Cooper (pass)
Benjamin Judah (Distinction)
Bruce Lattyak (Distinction)
Dudley Thomas (pass)
Julian Wilkinson (Distinction)

TRUMPET

GRADE III

Iain Brackstone (pass)
Kenneth Dallas (pass)
Norman Hodson (pass)
Billy Paterson (Merit)
Devrae Simmons (pass)
Geordie Wardman (pass)

GRADE IV

Scott Amos (pass)
John Menge (pass)
Scott Simmons (Merit)

VIOLIN

GRADE I

Andrew Bissell (pass)

GRADE II

Paul Moniz (pass)

VIOLA

GRADE III

Benjamin Judah (Distinction)

FLUTE

GRADE III

Andrew Clarke (pass)
James Davis (pass)
Brian Huxley (pass)
Marco Montarsolo (pass)

OBOE

GRADE III

Patrick Cooper (Merit)

CLARINET

GRADE III

Richard Hammond (pass)

Prize Winners June 1980

Senior Instrumental Music. **Benjamin Judah** (6W)
General Musicianship. **Patrick Cooper** (6W)

Junior Instrumental Music. **James Davis** (5M)
General Musicianship. **Norman Hodson** (5M)

This year the Music Scholarship was awarded to
Benjamin Judah (6W).

Junior School
Strings 1980





'Guess who's coming to tea.' by **BILLY GRINGLEY J7S.**

My Nightmare

I drifted off to sleep, and then as if by magic I was standing in a misty place. Suddenly a bit of mist cleared, and I saw a white thing. I also saw right through it.

Carl Dines

Thud! thud! went my footsteps as I was walking in the thick fog. Suddenly the fog departed and I saw a glimpse of an old grave. That made me stop short. I started to walk forward slowly. As I approached I saw a dim lantern burning.

Jason Carr

I tried to run, but everything about me was weary. I could only walk very tiredly. I tried to climb a tree but my shoes turned to soap. I tried to hide but everything disappeared.

Hugh McPhee

A mysterious hand reached out and grabbed me. I tried to scream but my mouth would not open. I tried to get away but I could not move a single bone in my body.

Stephen Caton



by **H. ADDERLEY.**

Arts and Crafts



by **BEN JUDAH J6W**

In my dream I saw nothing but mist, mist, mist. As I crept closer I found a steel door which could be opened by pulling a lever. After I did so I was almost blinded by a powerful light.

Geoffrey Parker

For a minute I thought I was blind, but then I had a glimpse of something. To my horror it was a family of black panthers, as black as night. I tried to run, but my feet were stuck to the ground, and the panthers came closer and closer. It was happening so quietly you could hear a feather drop.

Alex Bradshaw



by BRIAN HUXLEY J6B

Whoosh!

Whoosh! The proton engines fired and the Galactic war-head accelerated to Mach 24 and shot off the launch pad. The desert base had just launched the first Galactic war-head.

The target was a small asteroid orbiting Mars. Now it was nearing its target, with a solar latitude of 8.84° . The count-down for impact began:- Minus 5 minutes and counting, minus four minutes and counting, minus three, minus two, minus one, 50 seconds, 25 seconds, 12.5 seconds, six; five, four, three, two one. Impact!

A series of explosions shook the night sky. The Galactic war-head had worked.

Ten years later Galaxy War I started. Up till now Galactic war-head had not been used but now they were the secret weapon of the solar system. In two days the battle cruiser Alreoss was to raid an enemy base with Galactic war-heads. It had a crew of 8000 and carried 350 '928' fighters.

Then the day came. It was hurtling through space at Mach 49. Everything went normally on the way.

Then they reached the base. The crew got in their ships. Each ship had a Galactic war-head fastened on the bottom of it. Alarms sounded through the base. They fired everything they'd got! The 928's fired and they hit the target. There was a flash and the base was gone.

David Mutch J4Z

I am the Sea

I am the sea, the sea is me,
round and round and up and down
through the wake, through spouts
What a feeling there is, no droughts.
Through the slopes we dive and play,
through the sea,
the ocean, the spray of waves
against the rocks
make me feel, I am the sea.

Matthew Brewer J4Z



by DUDLEY THOMAS J6W

Skiing on Snow

I like to ski, down hills and over spills of snow.
Whee!

It's fun to ski, down ski jumps and land on knees
Now what a sport that must be!

I like to ski on one and do a flip and land on the other,
But you have to bother
to land on one leg and jump to the other
But your big brother
could do it better because
he does it when he wants to,
he goes to lessons ...

But I don't, no I don't, but I want to.

Boy I do!

Blair Simmons J4Z

My Map

I have a map upon my wall,
And one day I would like to call
At all those countries far and near,
If someone gives me a boat to steer,

From Greenland to America I would love to go,
Then down to sunny Mexico,
After that I would sail the Atlantic blue
Having stopped off at Peru.

I could sail to Germany, England and France,
And maybe to New Guinea if I had the chance,
Then the Cape of Good Hope I would round,
On my way to Bermuda homeward bound.

Carter Frith J5M



*'Our Heritage' — BLAIR SIMMONS, HAROLD
MAGELSEN and BRADFELD ADDERLEY.*

My Easter Vacation

"Help! Help!" shouted my big sister sadly, staring at her kite in the tree that Easter morning. Suddenly, my father woke up in surprise and said, "It's six o'clock in the morning. Go back to bed and I will get it later." Acting greedy and stubborn as she is, she went in the garage and took out another kite, but did not know it was my father's kite.

Two hours later my father was ready to fly his kite. Suddenly my sister realized that she had taken the wrong kite and thinking of the wreck she had made of my father's kite she quickly ran to the garage and replaced the gap with one of my trashy bat kites. Soon my father came out and did not notice the different kite until he tried to get it up.

Finally I woke up and I stuffed myself with Easter eggs and hot cross buns until I was sick. So I slept for another hour. Soon, in the afternoon my sister and I were attacking each other's kites in the air until seven plastic kites were destroyed. Soon after two weeks, my eggs were all gone and I had to go back to school and do lots of work instead of lots of relaxing. The next day I went outside and continued the kite fights with my friends. Day after day we kept wrecking each other's kite until our last kites were destroyed.

Norman Hodson J5M



by BILLY GRINGLEY J7A

The Car

My father he has a small car,
Although in Bermuda it can't travel far.
It is coloured Polar Bear White,
Although it's never shining bright.

When it's driving down the road,
It seems to happily carry its load,
And when we get there at last,
The car never regrets the past.

On the way back home sitting there,
Out of the window do I stare.
I see trees and flowers galore,
I wish I could go and explore.

And when back home do we get,
The little car does not fret,
It stands proudly in the sun,
While my Mother eats a bun.

When my father goes out again,
It drives proudly in sun or rain,
And when the car has to swerve,
Still it goes nicely round the curve.

Nobody ever does fear,
When destination is near,
Although it may be far from home,
I've never known the car to groan.

On the final homeward trail,
The car's engine will never fail,
Patiently waiting to go home,
The car it will never groan.

Now that we are home again,
Mom is praising, 'God, Amen!'
She is happy eating bun,
I suppose so is everyone.

A third trip has been proposed,
I think it ain't seconded though,
So at home we all will stay,
My Mom's now shouting hurray!

David Crooke 5M

The Sea

Although you are rough and mean
All over the place you can be seen
But sometimes you are calm and beautiful
And you are always plentiful.

Donnie Francis J5L

The Land

Lots of islands made of sand
Look just like a music band.
Bamboo trumpets of different kinds
Bring lovely music to our mind.
Tree trunk tubas blow and blow
Making music loud and low.

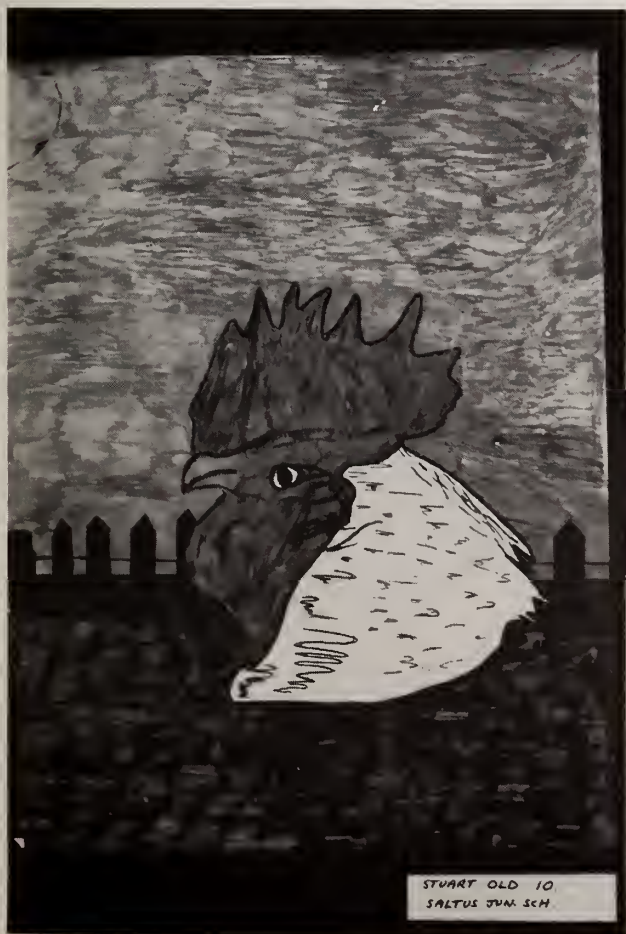
Christopher Klein J5L

The Farmyard

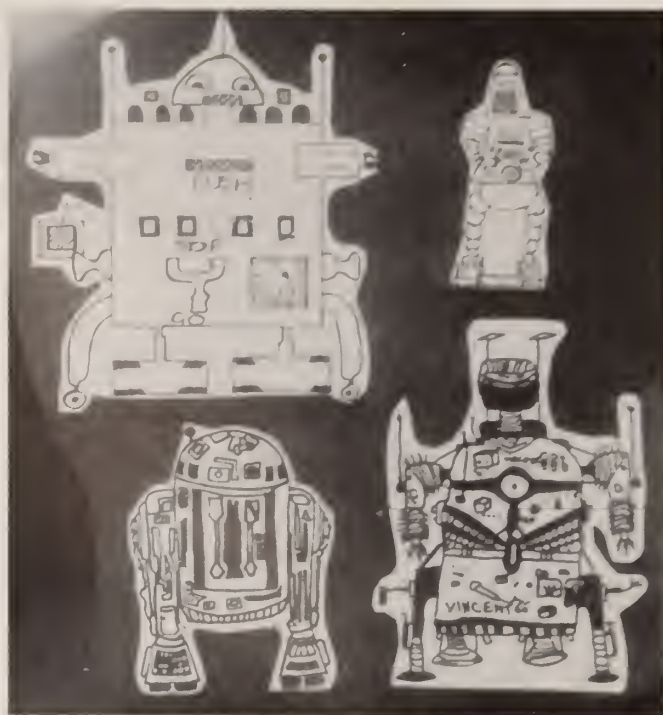
The rooster sitting on his perch,
The sparrow sitting on his birch,
The cattle moving like a fleet,
The lambs have begun to bleat,
The birds look so young and free,
The farmyard is the place to be.

The cows are coming from the field,
The winter has begun to yield,
The cold wind has begun to cease,
Now the crops can grow in peace,
Warm winds are blowing through the tree,
It's just you, farmyard and me.

Michael Hind 6B



'Rooster' by STUART OLD J6B



Future World, A commentary on life in the year 2,000 A.D.

By **J6W**

Maid Service

The androids came in every size. The largest one, Maximilian, was terrifying. He used to sneak up behind me, but just as he was ready to scare me, a loud beep which came from my special watch, beat him to the trick. Unlike most androids he had no feelings and so was called, 'Heart-o-Stone'. Vincent, a smaller, more efficient droid, did have feelings. When he was distressed he held his two red, creepy eyes still and resembled Frankenstein. Although he was short and stubby, he flew. When he dusted the chandelier he managed to look very amusing.

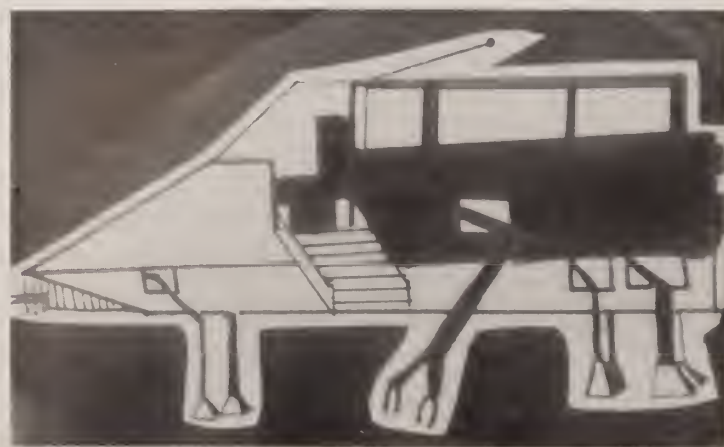
John Menge.

The robot rolled in and fixed me with an accusing glare, then turned round and went about his duties. This unemotional monster took the place of my loving mother. His lights blinked on and off. His intestines were endless wires, nuts and bolts. But nothing can beat flesh and blood. Why, this machine did not even care for himself!

Geordie Wardman

An electronic voice said, "Breakfast is served. My robot maid made some of the best flapjacks in the world, I thought, as I rode downstairs on the escalator.

John Logan



Domestic Bliss

The kitchen is an array of computers of every description. Some are for cooking, others for cleaning and there are even some for watering plants.

Jeffrey Freeman.

This was great! Every appliance was run by microwave circuit.

Scott Simmons.

Kitchens are no longer in existence — as all food consists entirely of pills!

Henry Adderley

Automobiles

The sleek, yellow car was driven by solar panels. If you wanted to go fast or slow, you pressed a button that made the solar panels go up and down. A dial set into the steering wheel registered speeds from 0 - 1,000 m.p.h.

Richard Hammond

It was an olive colour, with eight wheels and three guns in front. It was well worth 8,310 riptoles. There were 160 buttons on the control panel, and the car itself was made of a strange alloy that even my robot, Martha, couldn't break.

James Young

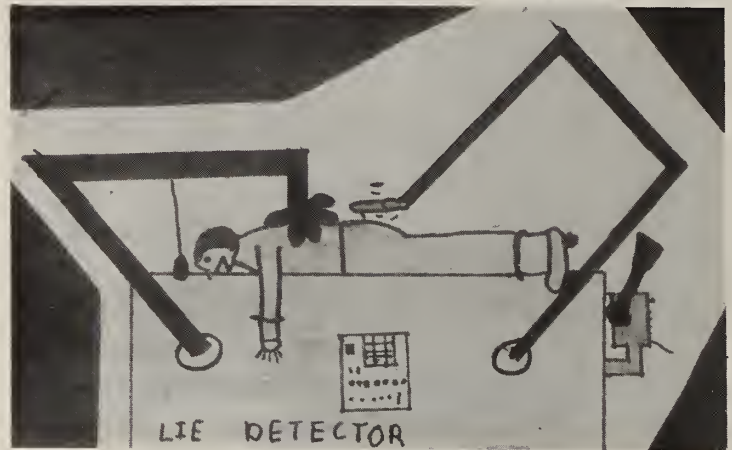
I pressed one of the buttons and the car started burrowing into the road. Then I pressed another and before I knew what had happened the car was flying.

John Logan

School Life

In the Headmaster's Office there is an automatic lie detector. If a pupil gets in trouble and the Headmaster asks him a question, 'WACKO' an electronic arm comes out with a cane and whacks him if he lies. Pupils no longer have to walk anywhere but just ride along on engine powered shoes. At lunch time, the pupils' lunch arrives on little conveyor belts.

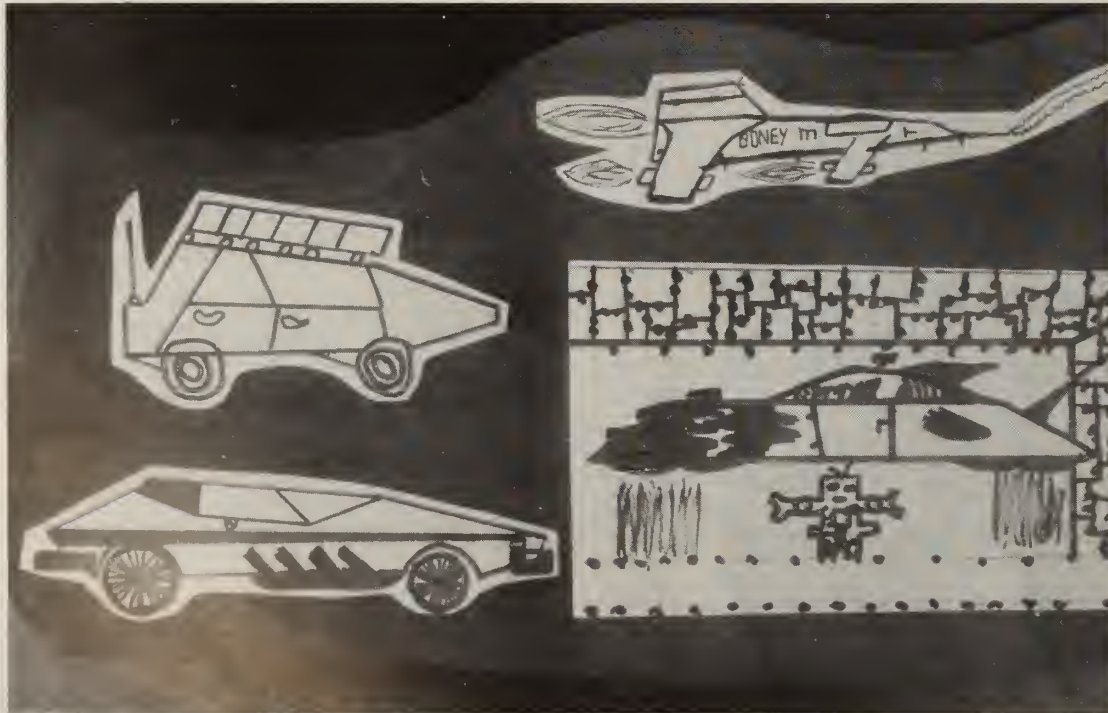
Matthew Butler.



The Bank's Latest Machine

The skulpkinker was a yellow object, shaped like a bulldozer with a computer panel on each side. It took Wilkernite rock from Mars, with a magnet, and turned it into gold, silver or bank notes. At thousands of miles per hour, green rocks zoomed into the machine and out came two thousand dollar bills. Wonderful!

Julian Wilkinson.



Plant Life

The plant grew as I slept soundly, its huge leaves taking grasp of my football and swallowing it whole. A lump was seen crawling down its thick stem until it came to the dirt of my flowerpot where it became smaller until it was gone from sight. Suddenly, the massive creature grabbed my leg and I started to struggle, but to no avail. I reached out for a pair of scissors and managed to cut off one of its leaves. Then, a human hand emerged, followed by its head and last of all, the body. "Daddy!" I exclaimed. He explained how he had found a new formula and it had spilled onto the plant which then attacked him and swallowed him. The plant then slowly withered away.

Bruce Lattyak.

City Life

Cities are enclosed in giant plastic bubbles. All waste is shipped to Mars and left there.

Jeffrey Freeman

Oval shaped cars floated here and there in sea-like motion. Buildings were formed in spirals imitating giant fun houses. People stood on escalator side walks which carried them along the streets. Among the crowd you might see a tincan man clanking his silver feet on the road as he walked.

Billy Paterson

The End?

It is an eerie scene. Rocks lie undisturbed as the cool wind blows sand, making a haunting, hollow whistle. Here and there are craters made by meteorites from another world far, far away. Sometimes you can see a bedraggled bush or shrub. Other than this you are alone in the desolate desert, with only yourself for company. On the horizon, massive towers and domes reach thousands of feet into the sky. Civilisation maybe? As you come closer, you see that they are ruined. As you stare in awe at the city, your hopes of joining civilisation again are destroyed. You continue on in your never ending search for some form of life. This is the outcome of the nuclear world war in the year 2,000 A.D. **Ben Judah**

I found myself in a heap of metal and everything surrounding me was as silent as the metal itself. The land was barren and great holes sank into the ground. Buildings of all shapes and sizes had been destroyed. There was no sound of any vehicles, people, or any creature — for that matter. A ghostly figure squatted on top of a hill with his arms outstretched. I climbed over the rocks and craters to this person.

The robes he wore covered him from head to foot. Garments and gadgets were about his neck, wrists and belt. I asked him what had happened and his answer was astounding. "Our lives were run by machines. We were once happy but man's greed ruined those chances. Nuclear wars and new weapons ruined our chances of survival." **Kevin Mayall**



by SCOTT AMOS J6W



by BILLY GRINGLEY J7A



by BILLY GRINGLEY J7A

The Hunt

I crouched in my little hiding place, tense, ready for the pounce that would bring me a meal — the little kangaroo rat in front of me. I shifted a bit to put my foot against a rock, but the rat's keen ears picked up the slight sound. In a flash he was gone, bounding along at a very fast pace. I leaped and sprinted after him. I wasn't prepared to let an easy supper go like that!

I ran swiftly after him, dashing over plains and leaping over rocks and boulders. Never had I met and chased such a cunning rat before. It knew exactly when to turn, and more than once left me chasing my own tail! On we sped, until I realised that he was beginning to tire. With tongue lolling and my breath coming in gasps, I put on an extra burst of speed, but he had reached his burrow ... and safety.

By **Adrian Fusinaz J7A**



by GREGORY LOVELL J7A

Trapped

The car was on top of me, crushing me. Only my head and neck showed. I painfully tried to lift the car, blood came from my wrist as my veins had popped and the skin had ripped open. It gushed out rapidly with flesh coming out with it. My clothes were torn and oily from the car. Panic inside me, my heart thumped harder than ever. The weight of the car was squeezing blood out of me. Little by little, I could feel the blood being drained out of my body. I went into a cold sweat; everything in my body went faster and faster, all the time I was pushing helplessly with all my might, for time was precious.

I felt a sense of heat getting closer, and also I could hear a crackling noise. I could only turn my head slightly and in the corner of my eye was a big red fire. I could smell it burning the leaves. My face was scarred with scratches and blood marks with flesh dangling from my face. I was cut everywhere you can think of. There was a puddle of blood I was lying in. The fire got bigger and bigger and closer and closer. I felt gas dribbling down my leg and any moment now the car was going to blow up, and there wasn't a bit of strength left in me.

There was nobody for miles because I was supposed to go camping up in the mountain on this wet day when the accident occurred. No blood in me and no strength in me and there was nobody for miles. Death was coming!

J. Ingham J7A



by **NICHOLAS NEW J7A**



by **MICHAEL G. DAVIS J6W**



by **STEPHEN McKEY J7A**

Disaster

There was little air left in my tank, the water pressure around me was getting unbearable. My face was turning pale and my mask was pressing on my face with an overwhelming force.

The boulders were pressing inward and I felt my body being pressed inward as well, my head was spinning.

What was going to happen next, was I to meet death like this? Was I going to live, was I going to survive this disaster?

My mind was baffled and my head pained as the rocks slowly came in.

It was getting very hot through my body although I was in the water. There was perspiration down my face.

I suddenly found I was gulping down water as well as the remaining air. I was frightened, I was really frightened, my pulse was racing. My body was suddenly cold and I was still breathing fast and the water was coming in fast as well. Then, I suddenly remembered that I had to breathe slowly and not get nervous, but I was more than nervous, I was frightened of death.

The boulders and rocks began to sink my body. The pain and pressure dreadful, my mind was pounding and I felt my rib cage snap once, then twice. I screamed through my mask.

I felt the pain and power of the boulders come in on me like ten bulldozers. Then I swallowed water, more and more water. I tried to breathe but I took in the water again. My tank had been ripped open, there was no more air to breathe. All I knew, all I felt, went away. My mind stopped working and everything went blank ...

Matthew Clifford J7S

Nightmare

I had just come from a New Year's Eve party. It was late about one o'clock in the morning. I was by myself everyone was asleep no sound to be heard. Suddenly there was a rustle in the bushes around a bend I had to pass before I got home. I felt a tingle in my hair and down my back but I kept on going. When I got to the bend I looked in the bushes. My brother lay in the bushes his eyes were wide open and his hand flopped up and down limp and lifeless.

I ran and ran with fright but when I got home there was only half a house the other half had completely vanished. I went inside what was left, it was pitch black. Suddenly I went sprawling over something on the ground in the living room. I landed on something soft and burnt. I ran into the kitchen which hadn't been harmed and took out a hurricane lamp.

This I shone on the place where I tripped. There I saw two lifeless bodies. Half of my mother's body had been burnt right down to her feet. Her eyes were still open. Monty's body wasn't touched but his eyes were looking at me like the other two were. I was shaking all over I can't explain my fear. My mother was half burnt, Robin I found in the bushes half dead, Monty was half dazed and I was standing in half a house in pitch darkness.

Their eyes were the most frightening though, I don't know what I'll do now. I rushed out of the house and forgot that I would fall off a wall into the driveway if I didn't stop myself, too late! Ah ...

Kirkland Hamill J7S



by BRIAN LIGHTBOURNE J7A

The Christmas Dinner

For many, Christmas fun and parties never come. Neither do they have a delicious turkey dinner to eat. I am talking about the poorer than you or I. This story is about one poor boy named Jaque who never knew what a Christmas Dinner was like (in a rich or middle class person's house) but got to experience something much better than the best Christmas dinner or the best toy.

Jaque lived in a very poor district.

As he wandered home he gazed into all of the shop windows at toys and games. He went home slowly knowing that this year would be like all others, no presents, no good and hearty meal, just the normal. "Well, maybe next year we will have a Christmas," from his mother.

Next morning Jaque went out looking at children who had received presents from their parents. Jaque then went past a Church, and at first he took no notice; but then he decided to enter the Church. Inside there was a priest who was praying to himself. Jaque timidly went up and said, "Please sir, I would like to know what it is like to have a turkey dinner, er ... if that's not too much trouble. The priest looked up, "Young man I will tell you something that is much better than a turkey dinner. I will tell you a story."

He then told the story of Christmas and how Jesus came to be born in Bethlehem, the real meaning of Christmas was in this story (he thought as he wandered back home). After playing with his friends for a while he went out walking again. He heard a family having dinner of turkey and duck and although they had a nice meal which Jaque had wanted so much they didn't say grace or sing any carols, (to do with Jesus or his birth). He knew he had had the best gift of all, the best dinner, he knew the true meaning of Christmas.

Andrew Clarke J7S



by ANTONY WARREN

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS REPORT



Six-a-side Football Champions.

On the Inter School scene we have been competitive in Swimming, 6-a-side and 11-a-side Football, Cross Country, Track and Field and Cricket. Our most successful areas were Swimming and 6-a-side Football.

In swimming, eight of the nine boys in the team collected medals for first, second or third places in their events. However, our best and most surprising success of the year was in 6-a-side Football where we narrowly qualified for the finals after edging out Dellwood, Mount St. Agnes and West Pembroke in the zone competition. At the finals our team responded to the occasion and came away as Bermuda champions after a series of games where they displayed excellent teamwork and determination.

Enthusiasm was evident in 11-a-side Football but our depth of talent was somewhat lacking and West Pembroke deservedly qualified for the semi-finals by winning the zone competition.

Cross Country running has a unique appeal and some of our boys competed regularly in the B.T.F.A. winter events on Saturdays. Their dedication paid off when our team entered the Sandys Rotary Road Race in Somerset and they were rewarded with the champion team trophy. Unfortunately, this success did not carry over to the Inter Schools Cross Country Race at Port Royal Golf course but their fourth place finish was quite respectable.

A full programme of sports activity is a well established tradition in the Junior School and this year has been no exception. Inter School competitions have kept our selected teams busy while competition at the Inter House level has involved boys from each year. J4 and J5 boys were classed as Juniors while J6 and J7 boys termed Seniors.

Inter House activities included Floor Hockey, Cross Country, Football (both 6-a-side and 11-a-side), Basketball, Track and Field and Softball. These activities were keenly supported often with parents attending the lunch time sessions.



In Track and Field our boys competed at the zone meet and qualified for the finals in six events. Despite some excellent efforts at the final meet we came away empty handed.

A new venture at the Junior School is the return to Inter School Cricket and we hope to see this develop over the next few seasons as the basic skills are mastered.

Throughout the year in sports at the Inter House and Inter School levels our boys have shown themselves to be good competitors and, most important, good sports.

Summary of Champion Teams

Floor Hockey —	Saltus (Sr.)	Butterfield (Jr.)
Cross Country —	Darrell (Sr.)	Watlington (Jr.)
6 a side Soccer —	Saltus (Sr.)	Watlington (Jr.)
11-a-side Football -	Saltus	
Basketball —	Saltus (Sr.)	Butterfield (Jr.)
Track and Field —	Saltus	
Softball —	In progress.	



JUNIOR SCHOOL CLUBS 1979-1980



The Gardening Club, who, with the Cavendish Gardeners, won first prize for the Best School Gardens, show off their trophies.



The results of a Make-Up lesson in the Drama Club this year.



Tennis, under the tuition of coach Charlie Daulphine at Sherwood Manor, became a popular club this year, for both Juniors (seen above) and Seniors.



A Choice of Activity in the Art Club.

A New Club this year: THE FIRST AID CLUB



A new club this year was the First Aid Club, run by Dr. Racicot and Mr. Dunleavy. Some 15 boys have been awarded Junior Practical First Aid certificates.



The Junior First Aid Club, with Dr. Racicot, on a visit to the dispensary at the U.S. Naval Air Station.



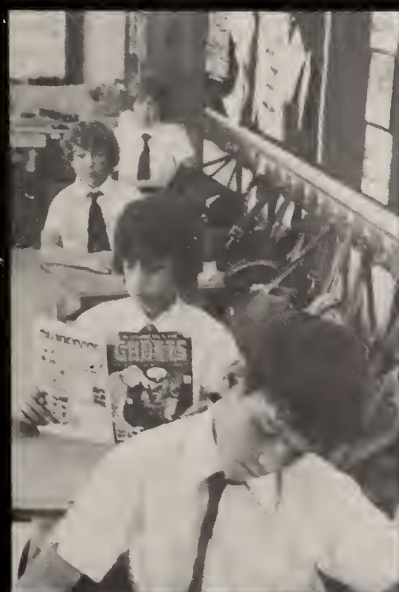
FIRST AID CERTIFICATES

The following boys were awarded the Junior Red Cross Certificate this year:—

Grant Forbes
Richard Hammond
Ben Judah
John Logan
Andrew McPhee
Brian Mello,
Bruce Menzies
Paul Moniz
Jonathan Rego
Andrew Stratford
Ted Temple
Christian Wheddon
James Young

This certificate is particularly valuable as it counts as one of the awards needed if the boys are later going to take the Duke of Edinburgh Awards Scheme.

Infamous Quotes by Infamous Pupils . . .



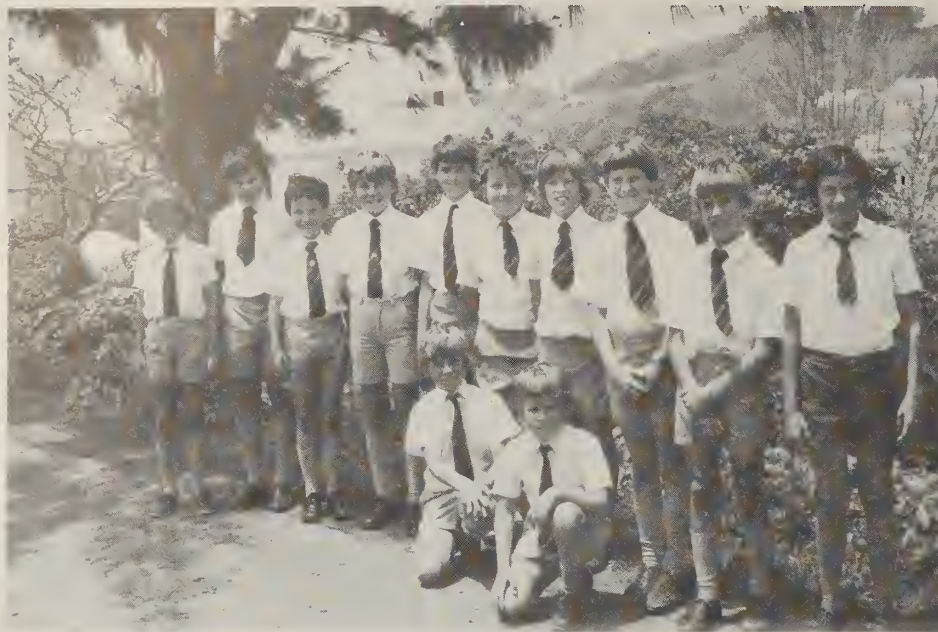
- * Albert joined the Army and his mother became a noun.
- * I know it's too big, sir, can't you smallerize it?
- * Rivers always flow to the _____. Ans: Right.
- * Bermuda has no rivers because _____. Ans: The trees are in the way.
- * Captain Cook navigated a sheep successfully through the channel.
- * I was on patrol all alone in a boiling hot dessert.
- * Sir Christopher Wren was the mare of London. No, he was the King's baker.
- * Charles I escaped by hiding in an oak leaf.
- * An equilateral triangle is one with eight sides.
- * A rice paddy is a water bed.
- * Hydrophobia is when rabies is pasted on to humans.
- * What kind of whales pass by Bermuda in the Spring?
Ans: Hunchbacks.
- * The young of mammals are born alive and slowly develop to adultery.
- * The disadvantage of all balloons is because they go up.
- *and from a parent:

Dear Sir, Please excuse John from Football Club on Wednesday as he is entered in a dog show.

“UP WITH PEOPLE” visit us, May 1980



The Easter Competition



Left to Right: G. Foster, S. Shand, P. Drew, M. Butler, C. Wheddon, P. Hind, J. Ingham, M. G. Davis, K. Mayall, B. Lightbourn

In Front: C. Cooper, R. Marirea

Winners of the 1980 Easter Competition.

Kites: **Kevin Mayall, Michael G. Davis, Brian Lightbourn.**

Decorated Easter Eggs: **Scott Shand, Graham Foster, Peter Drew.**

Floral Arrangement: **Christian Wheddon, Matthew Butler, Peter Hind, Charles Cooper**

Easter Cards: **Jonathan Ingham, Gregory Cave, Robin Marirea.**

Judges this year were Mr. NEVILLE DIAS Kites

Mrs. J. W. CUTLER Floral Art

Mrs. S. DEMPSTER Decorated Eggs and Easter Cards

Prizes were distributed by Canon Wheatley, who, with Mrs. Wheatley, came to share this last seasonal tradition with us before returning to England.

Again workshops had been held before the final competition. Mrs. Cutler and Mrs. P. Young held workshops in Floral Art. Mrs. H. Young organised an army of parents to help in her Kite-making workshops. Work on eggs and Easter cards was supervised by staff.

This year we remembered to invite parents to view the finished creations before they became tangled and broken in the competition activities, and some hundred parents took time off work to admire the display.



The Cast:

Mary
Joseph
Herod
Wise Men: Professor Balthazar
Professor Caspar
Professor Melchior

Shepherds: "Chicken"
"Pinks"
"Leander"

Animals: Ox
Ass

Villagers: Zacharius
Terraphius
Flattatus
Tooblakius

The Angels: Olly
Gabby
Chicago
Angy
Jelly
Lofty

and Birpy
Slirpy
Crikey
Sleezy
Foey
Soppy
Woopy

Richard Hammond
Matthew Butler
Alex Waldron
Ian Mackie
Jason Jones
Andrew Clarke

Mark Soares
Christopher Edwards
Ted Temple

Gregory Lovell
Keith Hodgkins

Kirkland Hamill
Wesley Harrison
Andrew Scott
Richard Davis

Ben Judah
Julian Wilkinson
Andrew Griffiths
Patrick Dill
Jamie Munro
Andrew McPhee

Dudley Thomas
Graeme Hunter
Kenneth Dallas
James Young
George Young
Michael A. Davis
Patrick Cooper

Follow The Star

It was a lot of hard work remembering those lines and cues, but I still remember most of them . . .

I'll never forget it, I asked Mr. Stones for a part, and he gave it to me! From then on I set my heart towards that production. I wanted it to be great. I wanted it to be wonderful, and to me it was.

'Follow The Star' was a pop nativity. We had Mary, Joseph and all the other usuals plus a few extras like Chief Angel Olly and three stooges, Jelly, Angy and Lofty.

We had practices whenever we could, with the choir or on our own. Some of us had to have make-up try-outs, and some had to have extra rehearsals to learn how to dance. A lot of work was put in by children and staff and it showed up in the end.

It was December 6th, the big day. That was when we put on the matinee for the school and Prep 3. It was going to be the only day we'd have, before the actual performances, that we would have the choir, musicians, actors and all the technical helpers together. The first half was alright, we didn't speak loud enough and Gabby (Julian Wilkinson) did some flub-ups, Angy (Patrick Dill) had problems with his allergy, and we did too much talking back stage. So in the last bit we bucked up our ideas and straightened out.

The show ended with a lot of applause and a lot of excited actors.

The big night was only one day away . . . Every boy was rehearsing lines and cues for the big show. We all arrived at 6.30, played a few games, watched TV and then got ready.

A few people pointed at us as we were crossing the quadrangle but we were too nervous to notice. The air seemed full of tense excitement. We got into our positions on stage. The opening number was played and the curtains were drawn back. . .

James Munro

Choir of Angelic (?) Voices

Tootin' the Flute
Pluckin' the Strings
Hittin' the Drums
Plonkin' the Keys

Boys of J6 and J7

Toni Davis
Rod Meredith
Michael Bishop
Marjorie Pettit

Without whom . . .

PRODUCTION TEAM

Crackin' the Whip
Makin' the Music

Ron Stones
Marjorie Pettit

and, lurkin' in the wings

Holdin' the Ladder
and
Knockin' the Nails

Mark Beasley
Peter Lever
John McEwan

Cakin' the Faces
and
Flickin' the Fuses

Kay Walker
Diana Cox
Myra Armstrong

Tackin' the Togas
Fixin' the Footsteps
Countin' the Cash
Fillin' and Fetchin'

Kay Latter
Eileen Wilkie
Lilian Williams
Joyce Zuill

Acknowledgments

Our grateful thanks to all parents and friends who have given time and material to help the production, especially Dave Roberts. Andrew Cooper & B.M.D.S.

FAREWELLS . . .



THE REVEREND CANON WHEATLEY

It was with real regret that the Junior School said goodbye, in April, to Canon Wheatley.

Ever since 1972, when, as the new minister of St. John's Church, he enthusiastically agreed with the idea of regular contact between Church and School, he came himself, weekly, to teach the J7 classes.

He came to know, personally, eight generations of 11-year-olds. More important, eight generations of 11-year-olds benefitted from their weekly contact with him.

Despite his inevitably busy schedule, he and Mrs. Wheatley supported all of our functions and concerts, bearing with commendable fortitude, our swinging, jazzed-up rendering of many religious themes.

Besides coming to the School, they also invited us to use the church, where, so often, Canon Wheatley hosted our musical, concerts for charity.

While we are sad to lose his quiet support and spiritual strength, we wish him and Mrs. Wheatley a well-earned, full and happy retirement.



FAREWELLS . . .

Once again, in the Junior School, we have to bid farewell to two teachers of esteem and long-standing.

Ron Stones, after six years in Saltus, five as deputy head and willing factotum of the Junior Department, will be taking up his own headship in the Sir James Henderson School in Milan, Italy.

John McEwan has already left us once, fortunately to return again. This time, however, it seems he is resigning permanently, to go into his family business in England.

We wish both gentlemen every happiness and success in their new careers.

AND WELCOMES . . .

Newcomers to be welcomed into the Junior Department are two Scotsmen:-



For J7: **Mr. George Sutherland**: Trained at the Aberdeen College of Education, Mr. Sutherland was, in his last job, an Assistant Head Teacher at Banchory Primary School in Kincardineshire. Beside his classroom and administrative duties, Mr. Sutherland is also interested in games, swimming and lifesaving, cycling, badminton, shooting and fishing.



For J6: **Mr. Stewart Adams**: is married, and holds a degree from Edinburgh University, with a post graduate certificate from the Moray House College of Education. His last post was at the Daniel Stewart and Melville College in Edinburgh. Mr. Stewart's extra-curricular interests include music (guitar and piano), sports and drama.

We hope both of these gentlemen will be happy at Saltus.

Activities of the Junior Members of the Committee of 25



Committee of 25 Prizewinners

Front row left to right: Andrew Clarke, Mark Nash,
Jeremy Whittle
Back Row: Brian Perry, Ben Judah, Stephen Cullimore.

Prizewinners in the Diary Competition

J7	Andrew Clarke
J6	Ben Judah
J4	Mark Nash
3L	Brian Perry
3R	Stephen Cullimore

Overall winner, JEREMY WHITTLE of J5, sold a record total of 238 diaries.

This year the money was used to assist a 17-year-old Bermudian, Clyde Stovell, who became a quadraplegic after suffering severe injuries in a cycle accident. Part of the money was used to purchase a new wheelchair for Clyde and the rest helped to pay his medical bills from the Toronto hospital where he received special training in rehabilitation. Clyde and his family greatly appreciated all the boys' help.

COMMITTEE OF 25 — REPORT 1980

Christmas Activities

The combined efforts of Senior and Junior School pupils resulted in a record breaking year of fund raising by the Junior Arm of the Committee of 25 for Handicapped Children. At Christmas, a cheque for \$3,400, profits from the sale of Bermuda Diaries, was presented to Don Evans, Chairman of the Committee of 25, by the Headmaster, Mr. Keith McPhee, on behalf of the boys.

Summer Concert at St. John's Church

Many Junior School pupils participated in the concert given at St. John's Church on Sunday, June 22nd. Once again, it was a well attended and successful event. The generous donations of the congregation amounted to \$651 and helped to swell the funds of the Committee of 25.

Saltus Association Committee Members 1980

The Saltus Association

It is a particular pleasure for me to have this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the Saltus Association, even although one short article is all too inadequate to cover all that they do for us. Commencing with a pre-school Cocktail Party for the staff in early September, the committee worked busily throughout the year, not only raising large sums of money for the school, but also providing us all with much entertainment on the way.

The Association Staff party, which was my first formal Saltus event, was a great success. Rumours of staff members being thrown in the pool at the end of a rather boisterous evening are entirely erroneous and, no, I don't know why Mr. Palmer's clothes have shrunk! Our thanks go to Mr. & Mrs. Spurling for hosting this event.

Under the enthusiastic and forceful leadership of Mr. John Edwards, the President, association events followed fast and furiously, all of them well organised, all profitable, all involving a few association stalwarts in a very great deal of hard work, and all of them great fun.

In addition to major events such as the Hallowe'en Fair in October, the Old Boys Christmas Party, the Annual General Meeting followed by a Wine and Cheese Party in January, the Pot Luck Supper in March, the Founder's Day Reception and Barbeque in June, there was a film show, organised by Mrs. Young, and such crowd pullers as weekend painting parties (not the Rembrandt sort — more the "You're splashing me again" sort). Very special thanks go to all who participated.

The Saltus Shop, ably managed by Mrs. Diana Peers ("Will those blazer badges never come") continued to clothe our students throughout the year and a new event was added to the calendar — a Golf Tournament in honour of Steve's one hundred terms at Saltus (whose Steve??) with two trophies to be competed for annually. Our thanks to Mr. Mocklow for a fine idea.

Class mothers made and sold numerous hot dogs and sandwiches, and with the proceeds furnished the Junior Department classrooms with fans ("stop those fans — they're cooling down the hot dogs") and throughout the year a veritable blizzard of raffle tickets whirled about our parents, Old Boys, friends and anyone else unlucky enough to be in range. To their credit, no one flinched (if they did, we couldn't see them because of the raffle tickets!). Our thanks also go to the donors of all those fine prizes.

On behalf of all at Saltus I would like to thank John Edwards, Dorothy Broadhurst his secretary, John Patterson his treasurer, and all the committee mentioned below for their tireless devotion to our cause. Not only have they been presenting the school each year with a cheque for \$10,000 and giving us much needed equipment such as a duplicating machine and slide projector, but they have also exemplified all that is best in our Saltus family — a true caring concern for our young people, a keen awareness of the virtues of private education and a determination to do all that they can to assist us achieve our goals. They are all fine people and we are lucky indeed to have them.

The Headmaster



Several of the Saltus Association Committee Members, for 1980

*(Back) Mrs. C. DeSilva, Mr. E. Lightbourne,
Mrs. D. Broadhurst, Mrs. T. Drew*

*(Front) Mrs. D. Peers, Mrs. L. Young,
Mr. J. Edwards, Mrs. M. Stanton, Mrs. C. Ferris*

THE SALTUS ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE 1980

President: John Edwards, Esq.,

Vice President: Neville Cave, Esq.,

Secretary: Mrs. Dorothy Broadhurst.

Treasurer: John Patterson, Esq.,

Committee: Mrs. Myron Bean, Mrs. Terry Drew,
Mrs. Carol de Silva
Mrs. Christine Ferris,
Mrs. Diana Peers,
Mrs. Marjorie Stanton,
Mrs. Linda Young.
Messrs. Keith Fisher,
Millard Lightbourne,
James Mackay, Willard Raynor.



CAVENDISH PREPARATORY STAFF

Usually quite a stable group with both feet on the ground.



Preparatory School Staff

Mrs. M. Hopkins — **Head of Department**

Left to Right: Mr. R. Meredith., B.A.

Mrs. S. Bacon.

Miss E. Riches

Mrs. M. Hopkins.

Miss W. Thompson.

Mrs. E. Hyland.

Mrs. K. Walker.

Mrs. Jennings (Matron)

Mrs. P. Sampson.

But sometimes the children drive us up the wall.

Looking Back

The Third Year Concert '79 — The Brave Little Tailor

Words and music: Mrs. Bacon.

Cast: Members of the third year choir.

Properties: Mrs. Sampson



The Brave Little Tailor wins his princess.



The Brave Little Tailor makes his boast.

The highlight of the Third Year Concert was a sparkling performance of "The Brave Little Tailor" by the Third Year choir. The moving spirit behind all this was Mrs. Bacon, who not only wrote the words and the music, but also produced and directed the choir as well.

Mrs. Sampson's 1s



A Viking Ship by HOWARD ABERNETHY

Viking Stories by 1S — 5-6 years.

(The children's own phonic spelling has been left in.)

The vikings sailed in longships. Vikings were good salors they lookt at the water and nuw where they were going

Valvanus Willson

The vikings were good farmrs and they were good fathers and they yousd smol boats to hunt whales to mack candles to mack the lit and the lit is for wen it is dark.

Howard Abernethy

The vikings stayd home to farm then they worked on the farm

Brenton Tucker

The vikings were good fighters they attacked plasis like Londin and they were good farmrs and they were good fathers they luct afr famles for part of the yire and for part of the yire they attacked plasis

Justin Freisenbruch

The vikings sailed in their longships and attacked vilgis and they stol treasure and they went home

Peter Rans



A Viking Ship by BRENTON TUCKER

The vikings did not mack boats with plastic like us thay mayd ther boats with wud and gluw and ther boats were calld long-ships.

Rupert Henagulph

The vikings went to get whales for candles and they farmd arod the houses and they grod carrots for the wives.

Terence Corday



The vikings sailed in longships. The vikings stol sum treasure from the houses and they were good fighters

Jeffrey Shaw

The vikings hunted whales and they were good farmurs and they wurkd hard and they lookt afr ther famlis

Jason Cook



*Animals at the Agricultural show
by BRENTON TUCKER, Aged 6.*



A Rider at the Agricultural Show by MARK ADAMS, Aged 6.

**Impressions of this year's Agricultural Show by
Class 1S — 5-6 years**

(The children's own phonic spelling has been left in.)

I saw the agricultural show and I saw the pigs and I saw the horses jump.

Michael Hassell

I went to the agricultural show and I saw pigs and I saw sum horses jump then I went to the coton candee.

Simon Boden

I saw the dog show and he jumpt ova the tiya frow the wido and he went frow the tunel.

Terence Corday

I went to the agricultural show with Josh and Josh wantd to see the pigs.

Simone Maranzana

I went to the agricultural show and my friend was driving wun of the flots and I saw sum pigs.

Rupert Henagulph



A Horse at the Agricultural Show by MICHAEL HASSELL, Aged 6.

I went to the agricultural show and saw the floats and the guinea pigs and my mummy put her school guinea pig in and it came 1st prize

Howard Abernethy



*Vikings by
PHILIP SHEARER, Aged 6.*

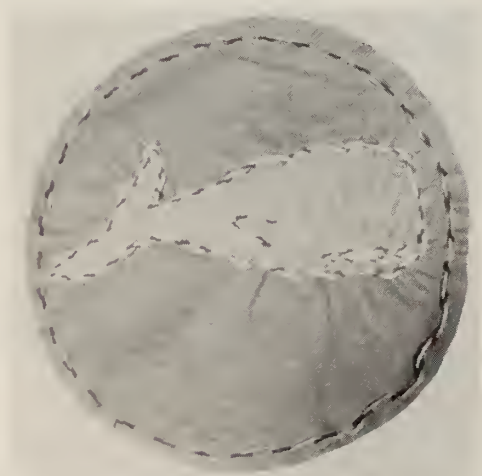
Mrs. Bacon's 1b



*A Humpback Whale leaping out of the sea —
BARTON SOMMERVILLE.*



Went off egg rolling!



*ROBERT BRAY Sewed
a Sperm Whale.*

I saw a sperm whale eating a giant squid. aftr the sperm whale had his brefixt he met sum frens and he played with them. he went home.

John Harvey (5)

I saw a sperm whale spouting wen he woz jumping and a killer whale and a beluga and big whaling boat were there.

Andre Raine (5)

Sperm whales eat giant squid. Giant squids are red.

Mark Guishard (5)

Killer whales like seals and dolphins and giant squid They go arad in packs.

Robert Bray (6)

I saw a whale. it was spouting and then he went down to eat squid and on the way he met some frends and his frend had a baby and the baby was swit.

Barton Sommerville (5)



JOHN HARVEY Sewed a Sperm Whale.



The Lunar Module lands on the Moon
by **CHRISTIAN LUNTZER**, Aged 6.



"Going to the Moon" by **SIMON LEIGHTON**, Aged 6.

WENT ON A MOONBUGE

A few days a go I went to the moon and it wus fun on the moon. ther wus no gravity up in spas.

Jay Rewalt (5)

I went to the moon and I went on a moonbuge to the spas-stashn and I faond some metol and I mad a rowbot and I faond some nis rox and I toc them home.

Simon Leighton (6)

I went on the moon with a astronaut and we jumpt back in the rokit we went bak to erth

Jonathan Bell (5)

I went to the moon and I wus jumping with my Daddy and Britty and Mummy and my dog.

Tripp West (5)

I was going to the moon with my daddy and I liket it up there. it was fun I saw the cratrs and I went on a rockit.

Christian Luntzer (6)

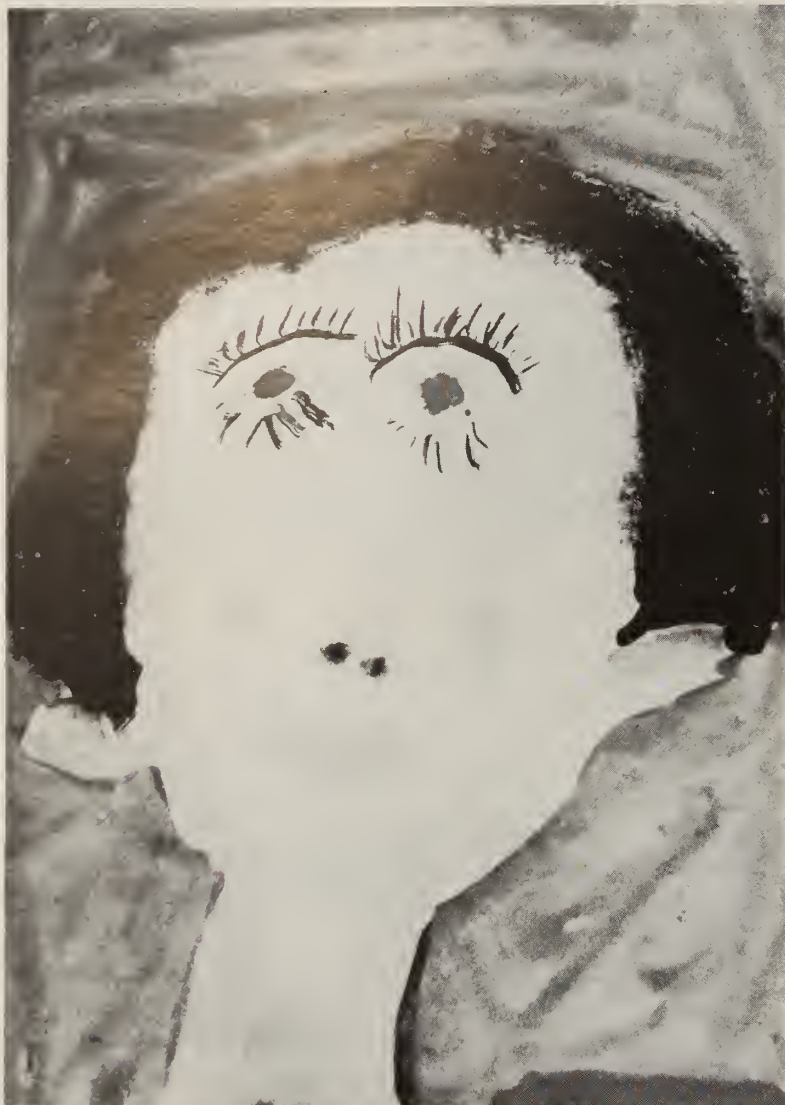


"The Rocket Blasts Off "
by **KEVIN MORRIS**, Aged 6.



The "egg-sperts" at work!

Mrs. Hyland's 2h



My Mother by MICHAEL BATISTA, Aged 6.

One night I was asleep. I woke up suddenly, got out of bed and went to the window. I saw rocks falling. The rocks were heading for my house. I ran to my mother and father. We ran out of the house. We hid in the bushes. We watched the rocks. Later we escaped in our car. Then we bought a new house.

Richard Todd Aged 6 2H

One day I went diving. I saw a sunken ship. There was treasure on board. Then I saw Jaws. I took out my knife and stabbed him. He tried to bite me but I killed him. Then I took the treasure up to the surface. My boat had gone. I had to swim home.

Marcus Kermode Aged 7 2H

One day I was on a ship. There was a storm. Big waves crashed on the ship and one big wave swept me overboard. I sank to the bottom. I saw a ship-wrecked boat. There was treasure on it. I got the treasure and took it to America.

Christopher Harkness Aged 6 2H

I was a hunter. I went up the lane. I went past trees. Two Indians jumped out and pounced on me. They caught me and took me to their Indian village. We ate birds and deer meat. I said to them be my friend. They agreed. Then they let me go.

Spencer Moss Aged 7 2H

I was six years old. My father had died. I had a mother and her name was Carol. My name was Richard. One day we heard something which went rat-a-tat-tat. I opened the door. There was a man there. He said may I come in. I want beer and eggs. He warned us to be careful of footsteps. One day we heard footsteps. Pirates rushed in through the door. They rushed upstairs. The pirates stole all our treasure. But I worked hard and made a lot of money for my mother and we lived happily.

Stevan Ashton Aged 6 2H



The Loch Ness Monster by NIGEL PULL, Aged 6.



"The Friendly Policeman" by LYLE DOUGLAS, Aged 7.

One day me and my father went deep sea diving. We found a sunken ship. We climbed to the top of the ship. When we got to the top we found a chest. In the chest was some gold. We took it up to the surface. We got back to shore. We put it into our car and took it to the museum. We gave it to the man. He told us that he had been looking for this treasure. He put it in a glass case. We looked around then we went home.

Robert Dickinson Aged 6 2H

One day I was on a deserted island. I had no food to eat. I was starved. The next day I saw a wild bull. I killed and ate it. I saw a goat. I killed it. I ate the meat and with the skin I made myself a coat to keep me warm. I cut down a tree. I made a boat and sailed home. My mummy was glad to see me back.

Christian Dunleavy Aged 6 2H

I was on a deserted island for my holidays. One night when I was asleep, a loud noise woke me. I looked outside my tent. One of the island's volcanos had erupted. Hot lava was pouring down the hillside. I was lucky because I had a very strong boat. I got away safely.

Michael Batista Aged 6 2H

One day I went out in my boat. I was far out at sea when suddenly a big storm came. I bumped against the reefs. I put on my diving suit. I got my knife and dived deep under the sea. I killed a sperm whale. Then I swam safely to shore.

Gary Ward Aged 6 2H

I was in bed. I heard a rumbling noise and a bang. I thought it was a volcano. It was, I knew men were camping nearby. I thought the lava would cover the tents. I ran to them and said get in your trucks and go home fast. Then you will be safe.

Russell Williams Aged 6 2H



Right: "My Father" by MICHAEL DAVIDSON, Aged 6.

Miss Riches' 2r

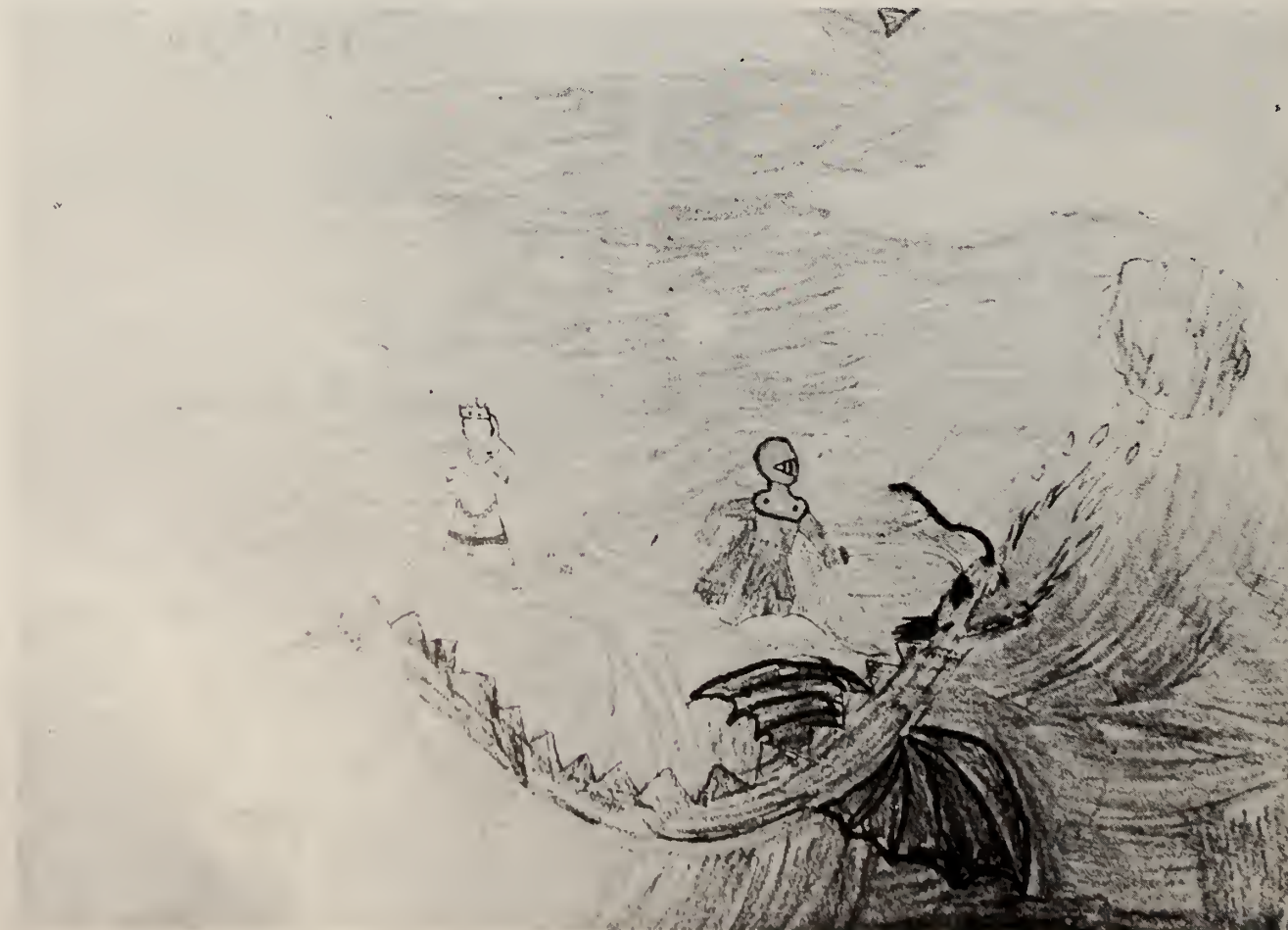
"Peter and the Wolf"

the wolf swallowed the duck and Peter saw it happening behind the wall and Peter got a rope and trnd it in to a lasso and a brach hung over the wall and Peter climd the brach and he talld the bird to fly around the tree and Peter got the wolf.

Jeremy Wright (6)

The bird wuz in The tree and Then The cat jumped in it and Peter sed look out and The bird jumped up The top uv The tree and Then Peters grsnd father came and he said Peter The woof wood cum out uv The woods and The woof Wood kill yoy and and Then his grand father went back in The haoouse and Peter went behind The gate and Then The woof came and The cat jumped hiyr and Peter went to fech a shchon (strongo) rop and he climd The tree and he said to The bird and Peter tlod The bird wut to doow and The bird went a round and Then The woof got cot.

Jason Moniz (7)



"Saint George
and the
Dragon" by
JONATHAN
YOUNG, Aged 7.



*"A Turtle chased
by a whale" by
DAVID MORGAN, Aged 6½.*

Original stories

I had some powder of life. I sprinkled sum of it on my toys
Paddington walked too me my daddy said go into the
woods and get a bird so we went into the woods. we walked
and walked until we war out of breath. we war lost on the
woods. suddenly sum men came. they had sum swords.
batman crashed into one uv them. Steve Austin tripped.
they trid to get us we jumped into the water we swam home

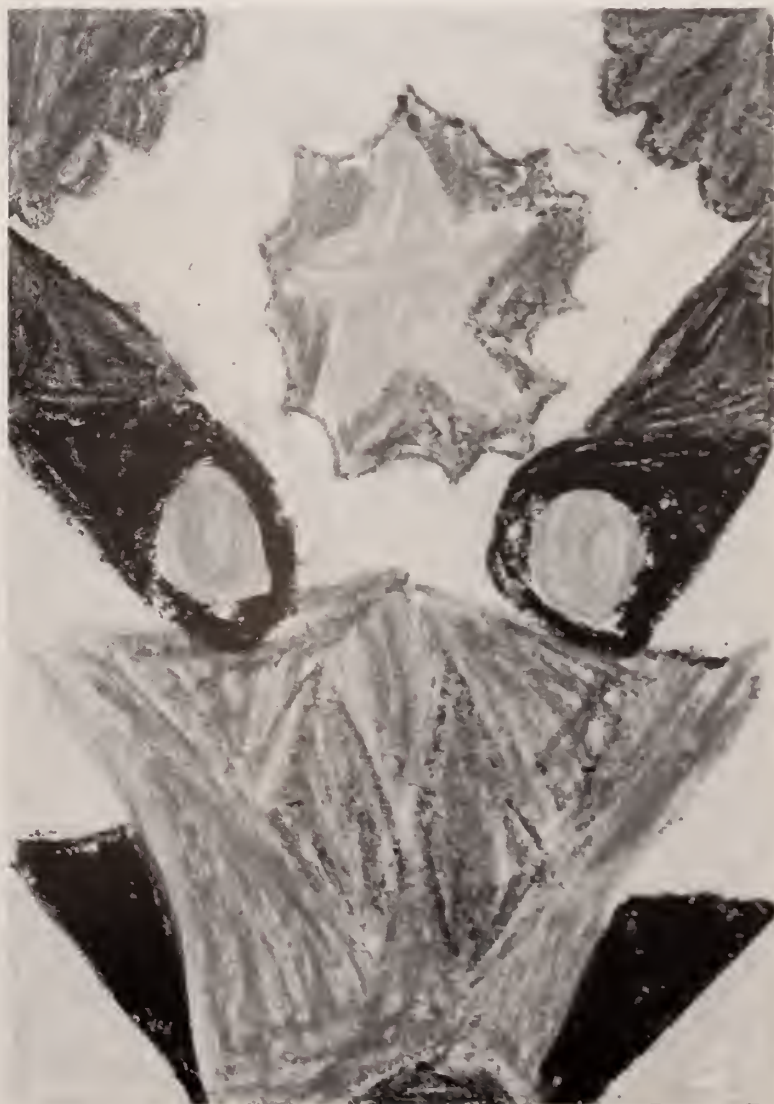
William Young

I sprinkled my powder if life on my play bear and it sat and it
looked in my closet and it went in the bag. and it fawd a
banana and it at it.

Aaron Oliphant

I had some powder of life I made my teddy bear come to life
one day we went out of the house we got lost. in a jungle.
there were metel apes all around us my teddy bear scatched
them and bit them and went home.

Jonathan Young



Pattern by JONATHAN YOUNG, Aged 7 years, one month.

Miss Thompson's 3t

An Adventure Story

One day when my father was reading the National Geographic he read about a swamp that held ten million dollars worth of gold and treasure but we did not have enough money to go there. Two years later when my father had changed jobs he read the same National Geographic and he read about the gold and treasure. This time we had enough money. So we got our tickets and went. Three safari men came too. They were armed but the danger was yet to come. My father did not read about the treasure guard that was a giant crocodile which could eat us all in one gulp. Then we heard a cry of terror as one of the men got eaten by the crocodile. The next time he came a brave diver went down and shot him and he floated off. Then we made a map of the swamp. Then something seemed to be pulling us towards a spin of water. It was a whirlpool. I would not dare to jump over so I stayed in the boat. I held my breath. Suddenly I saw something. It was land. We saw some people. They were cavemen. We made friends with them. Then we tried the radio but we were too far away from land. We dug an underground tunnel and then we found some gold and diamonds. I had an idea. So we made a giant sun shield which made a heat ray from the sun and we burnt our way out.

Anthony Montarsolo 3T



"Mickey Mouse" by MARK BOOTH, Aged 7

The Clown at the Circus

One day I went to a circus and I saw a clown. He was playing with a play gun and it had play bullets. Then I said, "why did you do that. He said, "because I am a clown thats why I did it". Then I saw the clown's bike. It had lots of balloons on it. Then he gave me a balloon and he gave everybody a balloon too. Then I went home.

Ian Bridges 3T



"A Clown" by JASON SEMOS, Aged 7

An Adventure Story

Once upon a time I was running away. I saw something shaking in the bushes. I went on. Then suddenly some men grabbed me. In a little while we were at their hut. They tied me up in a chair. While they were asleep I got out of the rope. Then I ran out of the hut and I ran until I came to a town. Then I saw a telephone. Then I telephoned the police. Then I showed the police where they lived and the police took them to jail. Then I went back home.

Monty Hamill 3T

An Adventure Story

One day I went sailing and I saw a storm coming. A wave pushed my sailing boat on an Island. I put up my tent and in the morning I went to the forest with my gun. I shot one rabbit and two ducks. One day a grizzly bear chased me and I ran down to the river. I swam to the other side and went to the tent. I got wood, made a boat and went fishing. Sharks came and I shot two and got away. Then I made a tree house and saw ships going by. One day I found treasure and went home.

Mark Wheddon 3T

My Pet Dinosaur and I

One day I was walking in a forest. There were lots of trees and bushes and also lots of vines. When I was walking through a bush I heard a loud roar. I went to see what it was. Then suddenly I came to a clearing of grass and in the middle of the grass stood a brontosaurus. I began to run away because it might catch me. Then suddenly I felt myself come off the ground. Then I looked back and I saw that the brontosaurus had caught me by my pants. When I got to brontosaurus home I saw four babies. I was just about to be fed to the babies then suddenly I remembered my sandwiches. I fed them. Soon after they became my friends.

Justin Cressall 3T

The Volcano

When I was in Hawaii there was a volcano. Big rocks of fire were rolling all over the place. Ashes were all over the place. The volcano was moving into the sea. Ships sank and five thousand people and animals got killed. People have been studying volcanos for a long time and trying to see what makes this havoc.

Christopher Garrod 3T



"A Vehicle" by STEVEN SPENCER ARSCOTT, Aged 7



"A Vehicle" by ANDREW SCAIFE, Aged 7



"A Genie" by JASON OUTERBRIDGE, Aged 7.

Skeleton Island

One day I went sailing by myself. I saw a tidal wave heading right for me. I tried to get out of its path but I was too late. It picked me up and shipwrecked me on some strange island. I looked around and saw a sign that read 'Skeleton Island'. There was a skeleton to prove the name of the island. I decided to explore the island very well. While I was doing so I discovered a cove with a boat on the sand. I took the boat and sped away. I was nearly at my house when I found there was a pirate in the boat. I pushed him overboard and kept going. When I got home I told about my adventure to my parents.

Sean Moran 3T

Mr. Meredith's 3m



"The Hobbit" by NEIL ALEONG.

The Hobbit

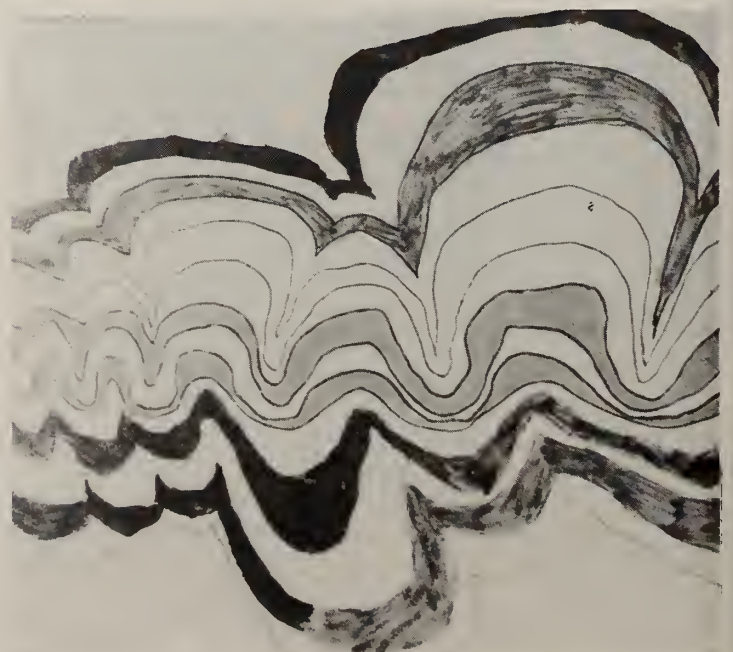
I enjoyed the part of battle of five Armies with Dain of the Iron hills lake Town and goblins bodyguard of Bolg and Beorn but Bilbo was not in the battle he put on his invisible ring he and the eagles were in the battle too but Beorn is a bear and a man but their were bats and the goblins rided wargs it was a terrible battle but Bilbo was hit By a rock and went to sleep when he woke up the battle was over Gandalf was hurt so was Bilbo hurt too but Thorin was dieing so they buried Thorin at the heart of the Mountains with the Arkenstone Bilbo and Gandalf went home but Bilbo fond his house being sold they thought he was dead so Bilbo had to buy ever thing back Gandalf laughed. one day door bell Gandalf and Balin came for some tea Bilbo Gandalf and Balin talk about the adventure.

NEIL ALEONG 3M

The Hobbit

I enjoyed the part when the goblins caught the hobbit and the dwarves and took them to the King goblin and then Gandalf came and put out all the lights and said come with me and then will they where running bilbo fell asleep and bumped his head on a rock and when he woke up he found a maigic ring and he put it in his pocket and went on while he was walking he fell into a stream where a little creature called Gollum the best thing that he liked the most to eat was Goblins especially there blood and when he saw bilbo he aksed him to play a game of riddles and Gollum said to bilbo if I win I will eat you up and if you win I will show you the way out and bilbo won but Gollum wanted to eat him up and Gollum went home again.

SCOTT DeCOSTA 3M



"Pattern" by MYLES ORCHARD, Aged 6.

The Mountain

One day I went mountain climbing with my friends and we were going to spend the night. The next morning we got out of our sleeping bags and after we had got dressed and ate our breakfast we went out to climb a high mountain. When we were half way up one of my friends fell flat on his back and he had to go to the hospital.

BOBBY POWERS 3M

Hallowe'en

I was passing by a spooky old house, and heard strange music playing. So I decided to go and see so I crept through the bushes and when I got to the end of the bushes I found there was a steel wall. So I looked for a ladder and soon I found a ladder and climbed up to see what was on the other side of the wall then I stopped in amazement because I saw goblins and mummies and snakes and vampires and frankenstine suddenly saw me and jumped up to grab me but I jumped up onto the roof then I saw that I was surrounded then two guards came at me so I jumped up and they bumped heads.

MYLES ORCHARD 3M



"Pattern" by SIMON BIGGS, Aged 7

Our Singing Visitors

Some folk singers from Scotland came to our school today and the songs I liked best were I like to eat and Little bunny Foo-Foo and I really enjoyed it very much the best part was when Little bunny Foo-Foo scooped up the feild Mice and boped em on the head

MYLES ORCHARD

This morning people from Scotland came to Saltus cavendish there names were Iain Cilla and Artie one Song was complicated but ten green bottles was easy one song siad a man called Aiken drum his hair was maid from Spaghetti his legs were maid of sausages and his hat was made of tomatoes. I liked Ten green bottels hangin on the wall.

MARTIN MORRIS

Invisible

One day I found that I was invisible so I thought I should guard the bank incase there were any robberies so I waited intell a person came to the bank so I looked at him carefull incase he had a gun but he didnt have a gun so he wasnt a robber. But it wasnt long before a whole crowd of people came but nun of them were robbers then suddenly a man was tip toeing towards the bank then I slipped and the robber heard me so he ran but he fell into one of my traps so I called the police and they took him to jail. But his friend was there so they blew it up then they popped it and police came to see what it was. When they ran out they fell into one of my traps again so I was rewarded. The End.

NICHOLAS LEACH 3M



"Playing Football" by RUSSELL GAGLIO "Ready for School" IAN BRIDGES, Class 3T.



"There's a star in the East over Bethlehem town."

Our Christmas Service

Last Christmas we had a play and the other classes did a play about Christmas. 1S thought about Santa Claus. 1B thought about the Christmas Star. 2H thought about The Christmas Story. 2R thought about The Christmas tree. 3M thought about Christmas lights. 3T thought about candles. The part I liked best was all of them. A bit later on we went to school.

Sebastian Henagulph 3T

The Christmas Concert



We Three Kings!



"When Santa got stuck up the chimney."

Last year we had a Christmas service. I liked 1S's play when Santa Claus got stuck in the chimney. I saw my mother and my grandma and they saw me. I suppose the other people liked the play too. I know the teachers liked the play, if it wasn't for the teachers there wouldn't be a play.

John Richmond 3T

Our Christmas Service

I liked 1S play. I liked when he said you boys and girls wont get any toys if you dont help me out. I also liked 2R play when they sang that song and decorated the tree. I also liked 1B play because it celebrated the birth of Jesus. I also liked 3M play because it taught me a lot. about Christmas lights. I also liked 3T play because it taught us about candles.

Steven Spencer-Arscott 3T



2H performed a Nativity.



3M's theme was 'Lights'.



The Reverend Nisbett, supportive as ever.

Our Christmas Service

At our Christmas play we did about candles. Sean Moran wrote a story about how they made candles and 3M did about lights and how you make them. 2H did the Nativity the best part was when they sang their song. 2R did about Christmas trees. I liked the boy who played the Christmas tree 1S did the Santa Claus play. 1B did a play about stars.

Patrick Dobbs 3T



3T Ready to Recite.



The Children pose with Mr. Little.

1S and 1B Visit the Maritime Museum.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw a canon ball and I saw a ship.

PETER RANS. 5 yrs. 8mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the tepuritur things and I saw the canu.

SIMONE MARANZANA. 6 yrs. 4 mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw a mashen that shos you where the ships were recd.

VALVANUS WILLSON. 6yrs. 6mths.

We went to the Maritime Museum and we saw sayl boats and bolits and I went to the treshr house and saw lots of treshr and then we came back to school and on the way back we had a spelng game.

HOWARD ABERNETHY. 6yrs. 3mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the boat and I saw the ship and I saw the harpon guns and I saw the treasure.

JEFFREY SHAW. 5yrs. 11mths.



King Neptune and friends.



Lining up for milk.



The Parents.



The Teachers.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw wen they put the boat over bord.
DAVID de COSTA 6yrs. 4mths

I went to the Maritime Museum on Friday and I saw the Harpoon and I fired it
and by mistake I kild a whale.
CHRISTOPHER MORGAN 5 yrs 7mths

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the big boat it went to the roof.
RICHARD YATES 6yrs. 1mth

I saw big bullets with a mother and a harpon gun from the odin days and big
ships and it was fun. We saw treasure and I like the gold best.
TRIPP WEST 6yrs

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the harpoon gun and then I went
outsiyd and had a pinick with my mummy and then we went back to school.
BARTON SOMMERVILLE. 5yrs. 10mths

I went to the Maritime Museum on Friday and I saw the cannon and I saw
sum bullets and I saw a big boat.
SIMON THOMAS 6yrs. 3mths

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw a big propela and I saw Dug Litow.
MICHAEL HARRIS. 5yrs. 9mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum. I saw the sownds and I saw King
Nepchun to and I saw the boats. I saw the modul boat and I saw the
boat go into the wota and I saw the canins.

JASON COOK 5 yrs. 8 mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the man with the woden leg.
LEWIS HARRISON. 6 yrs.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw the min sweepa.
DWAYNE ASTWOOD. 6 yrs. 5mths.

We went to the Maritime Museum and we saw King Neptune and my
mummy tuc a piccho of us and then we had lunsh and we played and
we went bac to school and then we went home.
JUSTIN FREISENBRUCH. 5 yrs. 11 mths.

I went to the Maritime Museum and I saw where they mad a modl of the
Maritime Museum and they shod us where they lonchd the boats.
RUPERT HENAGULPH. 5yrs. 10mths.



1S and the Mine Sweeper.



The Entire Group watching the boat launching.



The End of a lovely day.

OUR SINGING VISITORS



Our Singing Visitors by Justin Cressall, Form 3T.

There were three visitors that sang to us at our school. They sang ten bottles on the wall and the man in the moon and they sang apples and bananas. And even the teachers watched it. Why shouldn't they. And one man had a banjo and the other man had a guitar.

Monty Hamill 3T

One day some people came to our school they sang some songs and one man played a bag pipe and they sang little bunny Fufu Fufu and ten sticks of dynamite and also Aiken Drum and an old man crossing the road and I laughed and had fun.

Christopher Garrod 3T

Yesterday some people came to sing with us. The first song was ten bottles on a wall and the last one was Aiken drum. One of the men had a banjo and the other had a guitar. And another song was little bunny Fufu. I liked it very much. The teachers liked it too. Some boys had a go of bag pipes. We got to sing with them. And Reverend Nisbett watched too.

Mark Booth 3T

On Tuesday a group of two men and a woman came to sing for us. They sang all sorts of songs, like Aiken Drum, ten green bottles hanging on a wall, little bunny Fufu, and push the damper in and pull the damper out. One man had a banjo and the other man had a guitar, and the woman just sang with us. I enjoyed every bit of it, and I sang along with them. These are their names, Cilla Fisher, Artie Trezise and Ian Mackintosh. Some mothers came, and Reverend Nisbett was there too. One of the men played his bagpipes, and I thought it was a real treat for them to come.

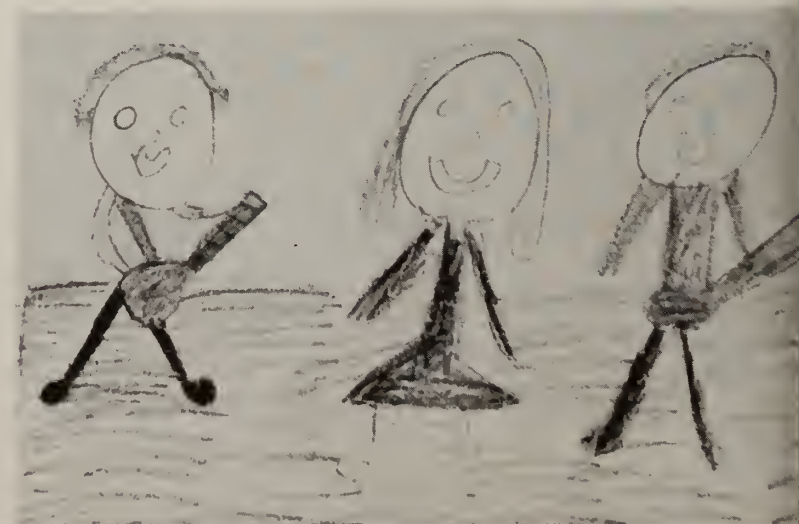
Sean Moran 3T

On Tuesday some visitors came to our school. They sang lots of songs to the school. Their names were Ian Mackintosh and Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezise. I liked little bunny fufu hopping through the woods scooping up the field mice and bopping them on the head.

Ian Bridges 3T

One day the singing visitors played us the guitar and the pipes and after that they sang Aiken Drum and 10 green bottles and after we gave them a clap and we went back to our class room.

Jeffrey Ferris 3T



Our Singing Visitors by Mark Booth, Form 3T.

Tuesday 23 October

this morning Iain Cilla and Artie sing some song on a banjo and guitar like Little Bunny Foo-Foo and y-o-u and Iain played the bagpipes and some Children played the bagpipes.

Neil Aleong

Ten Green Bottles.

Today three people came to school and played seven songs and the one I liked best is ten Green Bottles because at the end they played a very funny bit and at the first bit oof the funny part they sang ten sticks off Dineimite sitting on the wall and at the end of the funny bit they said and if one stick of Dineimite should accidentally fall they'll be no sticks off Dineimite sitting on the wall.

Jonathan Hunter

This morning three folk singers came from Scotland and they came to our school. Their names were Iain Cilla and Artie. Iain played a mini bagpipe and a banjo. Cilla can play a guitar but today she just sang for us. Artie played a guitar for us. I will write the songs for you. The first one was Ten Green Bottles. This is how the song is sang. Ten green bottles standing on the wall Ten green bottles standing on the wall and if one green bottle should accidentally fall there'll be nine green bottles standing on the wall. That is the first half of it and you go on to 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 and then you are finished the song.

Aidan Stones



SPORTS DAY



Inspecting the troops.



3M dribbling!



Did I feel a drop of rain, just then?



Collecting ribbons — the best part!



2 plus 2 is ...er...



Running for their lives.



Easy does it.



"I'm sure he wasn't this heavy at the start."



Chin up, Charlie!



The Agony and the Ecstasy.



"He flew through the air ..."



Varied success in the wheelbarrow race!



2R team race.



"I'm glad I don't have to do this every day."



"Ready ... Steady ..."

We would like to express our gratitude to all those parents who gave so willingly of their time and who contributed so willingly to the photographic material for this section of our Yearbook.



"Come on, 2H!"



The Preparatory School, 1960

The boy at the extreme right of the back row, Peter Leighton, is the father of the boy in the centre of the front row in the 1980 school photograph.

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL COMES OF AGE

The Preparatory School will have been in operation for twenty-one years in September, 1980, having been through a number of moves and reorganisations during this period, so a brief history of its development seems suitable to mark this anniversary.

Before 1959 Saltus did not accept pupils until they were ready to enter "Form I" of the Main School, roughly equivalent to our present Junior 4. Younger boys for the most part attended the Kindergarten of the Bermuda High School for Girls, or a small private school known as "Miss Pitts". When Miss Pitt announced her intention to retire and close the school, the High School found that they would not be able to accommodate all the extra children wishing to enter their Kindergarten, so said they would take in the girls, and advised Saltus to make its own provision for the boys.

On September 21st, 1959 the Preparatory School opened in a little two-roomed schoolhouse on Mount Hill Road. We had thirty-seven pupils and two staff members, and our facilities were primitive in the extreme, but we had a pleasant and lively group of children. By January our numbers had increased to forty-eight. We had so many applicants for admission the following September that it was apparent that a third class would be needed, so during the summer, one classroom was partitioned into two smaller rooms. By this time our enrolment had increased to sixty-nine, and it was necessary to recruit a third member of staff.

For the next two years our numbers remained constant, as did the staff — myself (then Miss Mary Ede) with Miss Jean Rhodes (now Mrs. B. Northcott), and Miss Kay Forster (now Mrs. L. Walker). In spite of the desperately cramped conditions and lack of proper sports or music facilities, we worked very happily together, comforted by the knowledge that the Trustees had plans for improved quarters for us.

In September, 1962 these plans came to fruition with the opening of a new building specially designed for us on Woodlands Road, at the eastern end of the Saltus property. We had three large classrooms, a small assembly hall, proper staff room and toilet facilities, and our own tarmac playground, as well as access to one end of the Saltus field, on which the Old Boys erected a climbing frame.

Incidents of mischief among small boys abound, and each generation will have its own memories, but probably the most traumatic was the occasion when a boy brought moth balls from home and fed them to his friends as candy during the morning break. I called the Health Department for advice, and was instructed that any child who had eaten a moth ball must be taken to the hospital to have his stomach pumped. We were to question all the children, and if in doubt, smell their breath.



The First pupils outside the Mount Hill building 1960.

The Staff in the Staff Room, 1962!



There followed some hectic telephoning to call parents to take their children for this ordeal, and one child was brought to me by his teacher, who said, "He swears he didn't have any, but you smell him!" There was indeed a strong odour on his breath, but not quite like camphor. I asked what he had eaten at Recess, and to my relief he replied, "Spearmint candy," so he was allowed to remain.

We accepted twenty-five boys into each class during this period, and expected to keep seventy-five as our maximum enrolment, but further changes were in store.

First came a brief expansion — an extra class with no room for it, so Miss Forster and her class moved out for a term to occupy the old Pembroke Sunday School, walking over to visit us once a week.

Then came amalgamation with the Government's educational system. Saltus had been a "vested" school, whose Trustees made major decisions on policy, but now they agreed to accept Government policy on many matters. The main

change to affect us in the Prep School was the decree that the Junior School must be housed in a separate building from the Senior School. As a result, the new Junior building was put up on what had previously been our playground, and although we missed the play area (and suffered a good deal from noise and dust as the building went up) we welcomed the closer contact with the Junior Department, and the use of the fine new gymnasium. At this time Government schools accepted thirty-five children into their lower classes, while we were only taking twenty-five. Some negotiations took place, and it was agreed to split the difference, and we accepted classes of thirty; numbers that have been with us ever since.

Thus, in less than ten years we had increased our enrolment from thirty-seven to ninety pupils. It looked as if we couldn't possibly expand further. But the 1980 photograph shows how much larger we were yet to grow, and this portion of our history will be described in next year's edition.

June, 1980



Preparatory School 1980

*(Simon Leighton, centre
of the front row)*

CLUBS & SPECIAL PROJECTS



Mrs. Wetherhill (Centre back) and Mrs. Van Haarlan took the Outdoor Club on a variety of interesting visits. Here they are seen at Vermont



Mrs. Warren (left) and Mrs. Hunter (right) introduced a variety of skills to the Art and Craft Club. Here they display their macrame and leaf prints.



Mr. Meredith's Swimming Club learned water safety rules as well as many introductory swimming techniques.



Mrs. Hopkins' Music Club found that regular practice helped them to make rapid progress.



Left: The Gardening Club, under the direction of Mr. R. M. Hopkins, took highest honours this year, winning the Shield of the Garden Club of Bermuda for the best school vegetable garden, and also combining with the Junior School to win the Dept. of Agriculture & Fisheries' shield for the best school garden collection.



Mrs. June Patterson opens one of her last Prep. School flasks, after organising the lunch supervision rota most efficiently for three years. Thank you, Mrs. P. and all the "Lunch Mothers".



The Class Mothers, who have given full support to all functions throughout the year.

L. to R.: Mrs. Ethne Dickinson, Mrs. Sharon Mello, Mrs. Ann Spencer-Arscott, Mrs. Vicki Hamshere, Mrs. Sharon Adams, Mrs. Terri Drew. In front are some of their sons, appreciating the cool drinks which their mothers served after Sports Day.



Our youngest lunch supervisor, Miss Lisa Patterson, has been coming to school since she was just a few weeks old, and the boys have really enjoyed her company.



Miss Thompson's work on the Endemic Bermuda Tree project of the National Trust was again most successful, and the second year seedlings won First prize for both Bermuda Cedar and Olive Wood Bark, and Highly Commended for Palmetto.



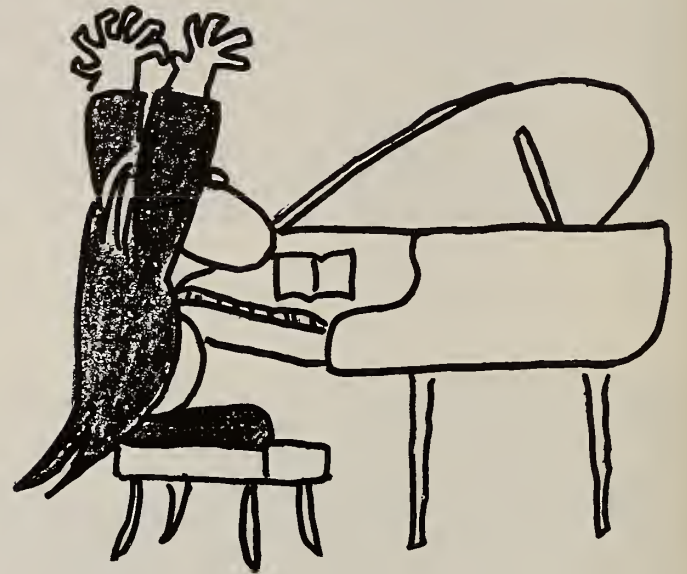
Mrs. Bacon trains the choir to sing out with enthusiasm.



Mrs. Froomkin instructed small groups from 2R in liquid capacity, with plenty of practical experience.



FINALE !



SALTUS YEARBOOK



1979

1980



Editor and Layout:
N. J. G. Kermode

Junior School liason:
Mrs. L. Williams

Cavendish Prep. liason:
Mrs. P. Sampson

Senior Year liason:
Benson Leitch and Ian Bickley

Cover Design:
Jonathan Taylor, Senior Year

Photographic Printing:
Peter Aldrich and James Welch

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Butz
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Pitt
Peers
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